JANUARY 31, 1983 • $1.50

Reds and Red-Baiting in the Peace Movement

John Updike Sings to Edward Hopper • Comrade Capitalist Mugabe

THE NEW REPUBLIC

NEWSPAPER
AAMBAA300WGRID 03 NP FEB84
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91123
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Pro And Neocon

To the editors:

Leon Wieseltier's lucid essay, "Matthew Arnold & the Cold War" (TNR, December 27, 1982), convincingly picks nits with the neoconservatives but avoids the far more important issue of modernism versus populism. After ten years working as a factory hand I can say with absolute certainty that (in the visual arts at least) modernism is a bourgeois mode. It is practiced, taught, bought, and sold by the bourgeoisie, and we—the masses—are neither consulted nor invited to participate. I am also convinced that we—the masses—are not as stupid or as aesthetically depraved as "serious" critics and artists assume. "Downward pressure on culture," indeed!

In fact, my fellow workers and I have serious intellectual and aesthetic needs that the modernist art establishment has done nothing to fill. Instead of providing us with stimulating works of art relevant to our lives, the bourgeoisie has offered us a choice of media pablum or esoteric emperor's-new-clothes modernism, which, stripped of its bourgeois context, looks pretty damned silly to us.

An unemployed worker who can't afford to get his TV fixed or buy a decent stereo is unlikely to be much impressed by the current rage for video art, and would probably consider the Lisa Phillips intricate sound "sculpture" nothing more than a meaningless and wasteful extravagance. I've yet to hear a cogent explanation of why Julian Schnabel's clumsy drawings and broken plates are worth $40,000—and the list could go on and on.

I can only wonder how long the working-class masses will allow their hard-earned tax dollars to prop up the sagging modernist art establishment through the agency of the N.E.A. while the bourgeoisie's multimillion-dollar tax scam foundations and endowments go untaxed.

NORMAN J. OLSON
St. Paul, Minnesota

To the editors:

The most peculiar, and misleading, aspect of Leon Wieseltier's review of the inaugural issue of *The New Criterion* was his repeated claim that "*The New Criterion* marries modernism to capitalism. . . ." Though the editors of that publication seem ashamed of neither, and apart from a parenthetical reference in the editors' note to the unappreciated freedom that capitalism has allowed artists and intellectuals in the bourgeois era, nothing else in *The New Criterion* should lead a sympathetic reader to conclude that such an absurd "marriage" is in the offing.

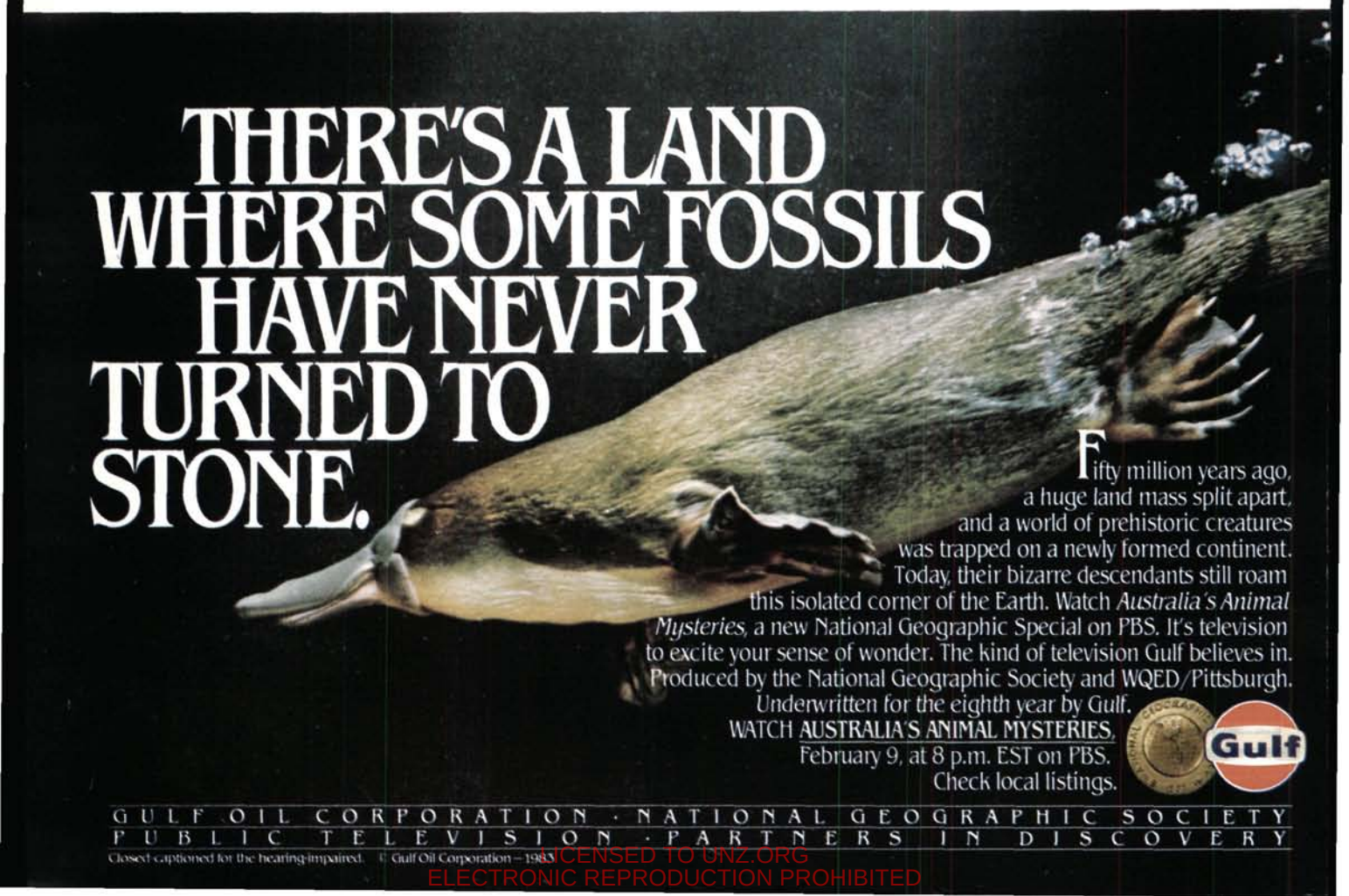
In a sense, though, Mr. Wieseltier's confusion is understandable. At a time when a repudiation of democratic capitalism is *de rigueur* in so many journals of cultural criticism, the silence emanating from *The New Criterion* can seem positively deafening.

MARK LILLA
The Public Interest
New York, New York

To the editors:

Regarding Leon Wieseltier's "Matthew Arnold & the Cold War": it's about time someone exposed the anti-intellectualism and philistinism of the new cultural right. It's an old story, of course: Irving Babbitt (in Edmund Wilson's words), "denouncing as irresponsible and evil or futile all the writers in which it is impossible for him to find his own particular moral stated in his own particular

continued on page 37


THERE'S A LAND WHERE SOME FOSSILS HAVE NEVER TURNED TO STONE.
Fifty million years ago, a huge land mass split apart, and a world of prehistoric creatures was trapped on a newly formed continent. Today, their bizarre descendants still roam this isolated corner of the Earth. Watch Australia's Animal Mysteries, a new National Geographic Special on PBS. It's television to excite your sense of wonder. The kind of television Gulf believes in. Produced by the National Geographic Society and WQED/Pittsburgh. Underwritten for the eighth year by Gulf.
WATCH AUSTRALIA'S ANIMAL MYSTERIES.
February 9, at 8 p.m. EST on PBS.
Check local listings.
Gulf
GULF OIL CORPORATION · NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
PUBLIC TELEVISION · PARTNERS IN DISCOVERY
Closed-captioned for the hearing-impaired. © Gulf Oil Corporation – 1983

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,550

WASHINGTON, D.C. — JANUARY 31, 1983

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Literary Editor
JACK BEATTY

Executive Editor
MORTON M. KONDRACKE

Senior Editors
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER,
LEON WIESELTIER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry Editor
ROBERT PINSKY

New Republic Books Editor
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston)
MARC GRANETZ

Associate Literary Editor
ANN HULBERT

Production Manager
LORI STARRS

Assistant Production Manager
PRISCILLA TOTTEN

Assistant to the Editors
JOAN SHAFFER

Contributing Editors
ABRAHAM BRUMBERG,
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE,
PAUL FUSSELL, JOHN KEEGAN,
MICHAEL KINSLEY, BOB KUTTNER,
R.W.B. LEWIS, NATHAN LEWIN,
MARK CRISPIN MILLER, JOYCE CAROL OATES,
WILLIAM J. QUIRK, ROBERT B. REICH,
PAUL ROBINSON, RONALD STEEL,
ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

Reporter-Researchers
JASON DEPARLE, DAVID SEIDEMAN,
PETER SPIRO

Publisher
JAMES K. GLASSMAN

Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN

Circulation Director
REED PHILLIPS

Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Circulation Manager
JEFFREY S. POORMAN

Circulation Fulfillment Manager
WINTER THOMASON

Assistant to the Publisher
CAROLYN WINSTON

Assistant to the Controller
LIVIA ARNAIZ

Accounting Assistant
PATRICIA A. KELLEY

Classified Advertising Manager
THERESA MILLER

Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

Advertising Assistant
HILARY KANTER

2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On neoconservatism, modernism, *Gandhi*, &c.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... THREE WISE MEN

5 **THE EDITORS** ..... GIVE NORMALIZATION A CHANCE
It's hard to see why normalized relations between Lebanon and Israel would be a threat to peace.

NOTEBOOK

8 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: REAGAN RETRENCHES
As budget time approaches, Republicans hack at one another in the fog, struggling for Reagan's mind.

10 **PAUL A. LONDON** ..... AN ECONOMIC ALLEGORY
It's 1985. Do you know where your economy is?

11 **DOROTHY WICKENDEN** ..... REBEL WITHOUT A CASE
Reagan zaps the Government Printing Office.

14 **RONALD RADOSH** ..... THE 'PEACE COUNCIL' AND PEACE
Home-grown Communists aren't much of a threat to America's security, but they could do some real damage to the movement for nuclear arms control.

18 **XAN SMILEY** ..... THE CRACKS IN ZIMBABWE
Warning lights are beginning to flash in Mugabe's odd republic of capitalism, Marxism, and suburbia.

22 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: COMPARISONS, COMPARISONS
The Gift and *The Toy* come with the same gimmick; *Seven Samurai* comes in four different versions.

23 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: THE BEST AND THE WORST
Beware: the rating ritual is profane media hype.

25 **JERROLD SEIGEL** ..... HIP (I): THE RISE OF BOHEMIA
The 19th-century Paris bohemians were committed to artistic poverty, fascinated by bourgeois wealth.

29 **DAVID DENBY** ..... HIP (II): THE DECLINE OF 'THE VILLAGE VOICE'
Once it was skinny, poor, quirky, and unpredictable. Now it's fat, profitable, and orthodoxly unorthodox.

34 **DAVID M. KENNEDY** ..... THE MODEL OF MUGWUMPERY
Thomas E. Dewey and His Times
by Richard Norton Smith

35 **JOHN UPDIKE** ..... POEM *Two Hoppers*

36 **ALAN WILLIAMSON** ..... AN AMERICAN LYRICIST
This Journey by James Wright

42 **NEW YORK DIARIST** ..... SERENADES

COVER Drawing by Allen Carroll for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles start on page 25.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 188, Number 4, Issue 3,550, January 31, 1983. (Printed on January 12, 1983.) Published weekly (except the weeks of July 4, August 1, September 5, and December 26) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising: (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising: (212) 682-4500. Single copy, $1.50; yearly subscriptions, $36; foreign, $43. © 1982 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Three Wise Men

The big, brown committee hearing room has cork floors and a high ceiling, and the TV lights are so dazzling it's hard to see the witnesses. Three of the wisest financiers in the world are giving testimony. They are appearing before Senator Charles McC. Mathias's Subcommittee on International Economic Policy. They nibble at the central question of whether they think the present world recession, which is the worst in fifty years, will become a Depression, but they won't answer it directly. It shouldn't, they say, but. . . .

It's only the second time in the century that Congress has investigated something so intertwined in the corporate and world structure. The first time was around 1935, when Congress, and particularly Senator Hugo Black, tried to find out what had caused the stock market crash of 1929. Those were extraordinary hearings! (I witnessed that famous spectacle in the Senate Caucus Room of the circus midget climbing up onto J. P. Morgan's lap.) But the point was that they brought American government out of Wall Street and into Washington, and the illusion of corporate sanctity was eliminated for the rest of the New Deal.

What surprises me now is how little the reputation of the corporate moguls has suffered in the present debacle. The belief that American car buyers would prefer big gas-guzzlers at a time when energetic small cars were coming from Germany and Japan was the greatest corporate misjudgment of modern times. Nobody wants to kick an industry when it's down, but look at the figures: the U.S. produced around 9.7 million cars in 1973 at its peak, and last year it was down to around 6.2 million. It is curious to see how little public blame has been attributed to this colossal mistake. During the Crash, of course, this was not the case. In his second inaugural, F.D.R. denounced "princes of privilege" and "economic Tories." Maybe we're better off not having things so bitter. But we aren't out of the woods yet. If the recession lingers, as witnesses say it may, there could be violence in many far quarters of the globe.

The Mathias hearings continue this month and next. There is one major difference between now and the 1930s: there was no strong global voice then trying to keep order. In 1930 Congress passed the abominable Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act, Hoover signed it, and within two years the U.S. was enmeshed in tariff barriers. Today we have the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank, and similar agencies. We have a glimmering of global responsibility.

At the witness table last week sat white-haired Henry Fowler, former Secretary of the Treasury and now chairman of Goldman Sachs International Corporation; Michael Blumenthal, another ex-secretary who is now chairman of the Burroughs Corporation; and Charles Schultze, former head of the Council of Economic Advisers currently with Stanford University. Mathias said, "I can't think of three wiser men." What struck TRB, watching the gloomy rain pelt outside, was how much more involved they are in the international situation than most of us, and how much more apprehensive. "In three decades I don't recall any period equally somber," said Blumenthal. "It's the most serious since the 30s," said Fowler. Schultze called the situation "bleak."

Nobody wanted to criticize the Administration. I suppose a good many of us were remembering Treasury Secretary Donald Regan telling the National Press Club in the early days that the economy was going to come "roaring back" in late spring 1982. What they were all saying, or implying, was that it's the global balance that's in peril, and that there's no reason to panic, but the greatest reason for international coordination.

"Even with the best economic policies," said Schultze, "the U.S. cannot afford and is unlikely to achieve an economic recovery as vigorous as those which typified earlier recoveries of the postwar period. The underlying rate of inflation remains high, and it is essential that we get it down further. This requires caution. We cannot afford to go too fast, so as to risk a reacceleration of inflation." He gave a figure: "Typically in the first two years of previous postwar recovery, economic growth averaged 5 to 6 percent a year. This time we would not want to aim for more than 4½ to 5 percent. And so although we start with the largest slack and the highest unemployment in postwar history, anti-inflation objectives limit the speed at which we ought to try to recover."

That's the way they talk. Oh so cautiously. Fowler took the fear of international collapse so seriously that he warned against the fear. It could be a "firestorm," he said. Blumenthal said: "The present problems are manageable. There is no need for panic or despair." What they worry about is that some creditor country, like Mexico, Argentina, or Brazil, up to its neck in I.O.U.s will default. Our banks couldn't let that happen. They are over-extended in loans. Their money is at stake (and yours and mine as well).

One big issue comes before the new Congress right away, in the form of a proposal to increase I.M.F. lending authority by around 50 percent. The three wise men say this is urgent. The rest of the world is looking to see what we do. Fowler says, "The treasuries and central banks of the developed industrial nations have become engaged in a giant and complicated operation to work with the authorities of the borrowing nations . . . to work out the debt problem."

Instead of putting up a disastrous tariff wall as we did fifty years ago, we are now asked to help bail the poorer nations out. I firmly believe we should do this. But it won't be politically easy. Critics will ask: if the banks got us into this mess, why don't they get us out? And how do you justify loans (at low interest) to foreign debtors while rejecting federal aid to the unemployed at home? Senator Proxmire, a member of the panel, growled, "A lot of people feel this bailout may lie beyond the control of the I.M.F. And if we are going to extend $9 billion in credits to the I.M.F., why shouldn't we give it to the auto and housing industries here?" One answer is that the I.M.F. doesn't make loans to individuals, but to banks. It's a vital part of a new international self-insurance system. The best reason, perhaps, is simple self-preservation; the world is in a parlous state, and if the recession turns into a Depression (which it still might) it would push all of us over the edge.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
JANUARY 31, 1983

GIVE NORMALIZATION A CHANCE

Peace is the most abused word in the Middle East lexicon. Everyone talks about it, everyone wants it, and many are prepared to kill for it. The "peace process" has become the sacred touchstone of American Middle East diplomacy as well. Yet this week, as Israel and Lebanon sit down again to their negotiations, Israel is pushing for a peace treaty or, at least, normalized relations (meaning open borders for trade and tourism and some kind of diplomatic representation in the respective capitals), and the United States is resisting. The State Department has already shown its irritation at Israel's demand for normalization, implying that it is a distraction from, indeed an obstacle to, peace. There is rich irony here, but it seems to be lost on more than just Administration officials: judging from the absence of dissent, the view that normalization somehow hinders the peace process has achieved the status of consensus.

There are several arguments used to buttress this position. The first, enunciated by, among others, Dr. Michael Hudson of Georgetown University, is couched in quasi-moral language: no nation has the right to impose peace on its neighbor as the result of a victorious war. Tacked on is a bit of realpolitik: such a peace can never hold. This will come as a surprise to the Japanese, who signed a peace treaty with the United States after total defeat and six years of occupation. Japan now lives quite peaceably with the United States (and when the U.S. withdrew, it retained temporary but extended control of certain "security zones," like Okinawa). But Japan is only one example among hundreds. Peace treaties almost invariably come about in the aftermath of war, for that is when they are needed. Their function is to legitimate the new arrangements that come about as a result of war. Such treaties, almost by definition, are agreements between unequals, between occupier and occupied. (Often the occupied are not even permitted at the negotiating table.) What were the treaties of Utrecht, Vienna, and Paris, what were Potsdam, Yalta, and, finally, Helsinki, if not the imposition of peace and the ratification of new international arrangements as a result of war? What was the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty but an outgrowth of many years of negotiations that followed the 1973 war?

A corollary of this argument was advanced, for public consumption, by Ashraf Ghorbal, the Egyptian Ambassador to the U.S.: a country has no right to demand a peace treaty in return for an end to occupation. It is a curious argument coming from an Egyptian, since Egypt signed a peace treaty based precisely on that formula. It is also a curious argument when echoed by Americans, who did the same with their erstwhile enemies after World War II and who insist on the sanctity of the formula embodied in U.N. Resolution 242—that the only possible and just basis for a Middle East settlement is exchanging territory for peace.

A second argument is that Lebanon will be isolated from the Arab world if it normalizes relations with Israel. Upon analysis, this one falls apart piece by piece. What Arab world is Lebanon to be isolated from? The rejectionist states of Libya, Algeria, Syria, South Yemen? In Lebanon as at Camp David, they have proved their irrelevance to making both peace and war in the Middle East. And apart from the impotence of this bloc, the U.S. has never allowed negotiations to be held hostage to the most extreme elements in the Arab world, since that would doom any negotiated settlement from the start and lead only to perpetual war and instability.

Then isolation from whom? Egypt? Egypt already has a peace treaty with Israel, and ever since Anwar Sadat's trip to Jerusalem, Egypt has called for other Arab states to follow its lead. Who is left? Sudan and Oman took Egypt's side in the inter-Arab argument over Camp David, refused to break relations, and resisted attempts to isolate Egypt. Jordan? King Hussein does not act in the Middle East, he is acted upon; and now he has his hands full trying to fend off challenges from Syria and the P.L.O. and trying to make up his mind whether he, too, has the courage to enter negotiations with Israel. He could hardly be discouraged by little Lebanon going first.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That leaves Saudi Arabia. The much-feared isolation from the Arab world thus boils down to incurring the anger of the Saudi princes. There are many things the Saudis don't like: Camp David, American forces in the Gulf, "Death of a Princess," even the sound of Israel breathing (to say nothing of a free oil market and a strategic petroleum reserve). But Saudi displeasure is hardly a reason for the U.S. to forgo policies that are clearly in the interests of the U.S., of its allies (among whom the Lebanese government wishes to be counted), and of peace. Those who want to prevent normalization because it might offend Saudi sensibilities are also those who are in the habit of urging the U.S. to stand up to its client states. By that they always mean Israel. But in this case they are urging the Administration to block a second peace agreement in the Middle East not because it's a bad idea but because the Saudis don't like it.

SAUDI ARABIA is supremely weak and dependent on Western protection. All that stands between it and Khomeini's chaos is Iraq, not the most trustworthy of protectors. Indeed, the Saudis have turned not only to the U.S. but to Egypt to help them support the Iraqi war effort. Egypt supplies much of the arms, and Saudi Arabia the money. As Sadat always said, and as those who live in the Middle East know, the Saudis are so weak that shows of their displeasure are as insignificant as they are transient. Saudi ostracism of Egypt lasted less than three years and barely survived the first Iranian advance into Iraq. King Fahd made a point of embracing President Mubarak at the funeral of King Faisal, and has pushed for the gradual readmittance of Egypt into the Arab fold. True, the Saudis may be reluctant to give the money they promised for Lebanese reconstruction if normalization with Israel takes place. But how much could the Saudis be relied upon to give without normalization? (In 1978 they joined the Arab League in promising $2 billion to rebuild Lebanon; only a fraction of that amount ever reached Beirut.) And, more important, why should the possibility of a second peace in the Middle East be held hostage to a few million dollars of aid from Saudi Arabia? Forfeiting the chance to normalize the Israeli-Lebanese frontier once and for all is a much higher price to pay. The Saudis made an identical threat three years ago; had we given in to it, there would be no Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty, the Sinai would still be occupied by the Israelis, the American position in the Middle East would be vastly inferior to what it is today—and the very idea of peace between Israel and an Arab neighbor would still seem as fantastic as it did before Sadat.

That is the other crucial point missed by those concerned about Lebanon's place in the Arab world. (Now that Lebanon has had its voice restored—as a direct result of last year's war—these critics are suddenly seized with a concern about Lebanon's isolation; during seven years of civil war and Syrian and P.L.O. occupation, they seemed quite unmoved about the problem of Lebanon's *existence*.) As a contribution to a larger Arab-Israeli settlement, a Lebanese-Israeli normalization would be an enormous step. Sadat said that psychology was 80 percent of the Middle East problem. He proved it. His trip to Jerusalem and treaty with Israel moved the idea of peace from the realm of the absurd to the realm of the possible. Yet that peace, while real, is still unique. A second one would make it normal, and would make Syria's and Jordan's continuing state of war with Israel seem what it is: abnormal. A second peace would further isolate Syria and could only make it easier for King Hussein to contemplate the idea for himself. The center of gravity of the Arab position on Israel's legitimacy would shift. How long could the Arab League go on expelling members for recognizing Israel, and still claim to be speaking for the Arabs? By expelling Egypt (a move it is now trying to undo) it lost the cultural center and most of the population of the Arab world. If it expels Lebanon, it will lose what was and could still be its financial capital and its window on the West.

A final argument is that a Lebanese-Israeli agreement must await a comprehensive peace in the area. But a comprehensive peace means that all peace agreements must be held up while waiting for the last. It is a dangerous myth. Kissinger, Sadat, Carter, and Begin recognized, and Camp David confirmed, that peace must be built one block at a time, because each block makes the next one easier.

ANNOYANCE with the idea of normalization has now reached absurd proportions. Shortly before the beginning of Israeli-Lebanese talks in Khalde, Defense Minister Sharon announced that he had come to an agreement with Lebanese officials that included normalization. (There turns out to have been less to that agreement than was originally thought, but at the time it was perceived in Israel, Lebanon, and the U.S. as a breakthrough). The response of *Newsweek*, to take one example, was to advise President Reagan to "stop Ariel Sharon from stealing the limelight: in a diplomatic coup that upstaged [Philip] Habib, Israel's defense minister negotiated an agreement with Lebanon in the framework for peace between the neighbors." The inversion of ends and means here is comical. To be irritated with Israeli peacemaking for upstaging the official peacemaker is simply another perversion of "peace process" rhetoric.

The result of these many objections to normalization is real and mischievous. This is the first Arab-Israeli negotiation in which the U.S. has great leverage over *both* sides. The Lebanese government is a fragile one, still under the protection of the American-led multinational force and heavily dependent on the West for both military and economic assistance. The U.S. has great influence over it. The U.S., by resisting the idea of normalization, is strengthening those Lebanese who look to Syria for protection and who have no interest in seeing an end to the Israeli-Lebanese conflict, and un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dercutting those Lebanese who do have such an interest. No Arab can take a less pan-Arab position than the Americans. Rather than insisting on normalization as the best possible outcome of the tragic events of 1982, for the U.S., for Lebanon, and for Israel, the U.S. position weakens those Lebanese who want to make peace, and leaves the Israelis wondering what the American commitment to peace really means.

The claim that peace with Israel would further weaken and divide Lebanon is nonsense. The one thing that a weak and divided country like Lebanon needs is to be exempt from the regional conflicts raging around it. It is precisely during those years when Lebanon was so exempt—between 1949 and the arrival of the P.L.O. in the early 1970s—that Lebanon enjoyed prosperity and social peace. And it was precisely Lebanon's forced entry into the Arab-Israeli conflict in the 1970s that led to its disintegration. Peace, followed by Israeli withdrawal, followed by Syrian withdrawal, would allow Lebanon to return to the business of reconstructing its society. Good relations with both of her powerful neighbors, Syria and Israel, is Lebanon's best guarantee for peace. It is a far better choice than throwing in her lot with the most implacable pan-Arab consensus, a consensus that sought to wage its war against Israel from Lebanon and to the last Lebanese, and did nothing to help Lebanon in its agony from 1976 to the present. Lebanon has tried to extricate itself from the murderous Arab-Israeli conflict since the armistice of 1949. Whether it succeeds in doing so now may very well depend on Washington.

NOTEBOOK

□ CONSERVATIVES OFTEN PROTEST that their concern for liberty does not preclude a concern for equality. But the disparity between their rhetoric of equality and their effort on its behalf is often made plain, most recently in London. Margaret Thatcher's government has had its Nationality Act made into law. The "right of the soil," the 700-year-old principle according to which whoever is born in England is a citizen of England, is no more. There are now three categories of citizens. There is the British Citizen, the Citizen of the British Dependent Territories, and the British Overseas Citizen. Upon this last category the act falls hardest. Over 1.5 million members of Asian and African minority groups who proudly accepted British citizenship when their colonies were granted independence may no longer pass on the privilege to their children. Every baby will have to be brought before the courts—every nonwhite baby, to be precise. When the British lease of Hong Kong from China runs out in 1997, millions will find themselves suddenly stateless. Home Secretary William Whitelaw explained that "we are doing nothing new in suggesting our citizenship should be given a better idea of where people actually belong." Nothing new, indeed; this is an old instrument of injustice. The people of England should give Mr. Whitelaw and his colleagues a better idea of where *they* actually belong.

□ GEORGE STEINER strikes again. In the current issue of *Salmagundi*, a rich collection of essays on the relationship of homosexuality to culture, Steiner begins by considering the very telling fact of "the undoubted paucity of major contributions to mathematics, musical composition, and philosophy made by women over the millenia." How to explain this? "The argument from environment is, largely, cant." Full stop. That leaves biology. Boldly he speculates that "in women, in women's physiological 'in-dwelling,' there is a compelling realism," which leaves them too earth-bound to make the great spiritual leaps. Next he adduces a dubious "organic correlative," which is that masturbation is less intensely experienced by women—further proof of their feeble powers of fantasy. Then he concludes that the pursuit of "first-class science" may require "neurophysiological preferences" and "economies which reach . . . to eros." Ontological sexism, you might call this. Once again Mr. Steiner demonstrates his prodigious gift for making silly ideas seem smart. What kind of introduction to the "rethinking" of homosexuality is this? Are homosexuals to be defended at the price of women?

□ YOUR HEART SINKS when you see that Stalinism is still a controversy. It sinks still more when you see the controversy in *The New York Times*, where millions more see it, too. On January 9 the *Times Book Review* distinguished itself with Alan Brinkley's criticism of William O'Neill's *A Better World*, a study of the Stalinist sins of American intellectuals of the 1940s and 1950s. Mr. Brinkley, who is a professor of history at Harvard, declares his own "abhorrence of Stalinism," but doesn't get the fuss. He cites Lillian Hellman's remark that "whatever our mistakes, I do not believe we did our country any harm." Never mind that Ms. Hellman's "we" debased intellectual discourse in the United States to such a degree that it still has not completely recovered. Then Mr. Brinkley himself remarks that "American apologists for Stalin did not make Stalin's crimes any worse," which shows an appalling underestimation of the intellectual vocation. Making the Gulag "worse" was hardly the only reason to fight its defenders; the Gulag, Mr. Brinkley will agree, was bad enough, and it is the duty of intellectuals, he may also agree, to speak the truth. And then he observes that the American Stalinists "did not produce similar horrors" here, which is true, but only because they lost. "The real motive" for Mr. O'Neill's book, the critic concludes, is "neoconservative." There it is, the left's new dodge. But you do not have to be neoconservative to be anti-Stalinist. The enemy of my enemy may still be my enemy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

□ TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "While the political prospects for freer trade are gloomier than ever before, the need for positive and constructive action is greater. For in addition to the basic arguments for freer trade as a means of enabling each nation to do that which it can do best and of stimulating competition and hence promoting greater efficiency, there are now urgent political reasons why we should seek to develop further our trade with the free world. Russia, for example, is making desperate efforts to induce the nations of Western Europe to trade with her and with her satellites rather than with the West. If we put up added trade barriers against Western Europe, as we would by not renewing the Reciprocal Trade Act for another five years, we would throw these nations into the arms of Russia and would do much to break up the Western political alliance. Neutralism has already increased in Europe because of Russia's gains in the field of rockets and missiles. To make trade more difficult with Western Europe would be to increase this tendency." ("Reciprocal Trade and Europe's Common Market," by Paul H. Douglas, January 27, 1958.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

REAGAN RETRENCHES

FINALLY, Ronald Reagan has budged on the budget, but it remains to be seen whether his movement has been dexterous enough to salvage his lagging credibility and his ability to govern. The President has dropped his intransigent opposition to defense cuts and tax increases and is leaning toward a "multifaceted approach" for gradually bringing down the federal deficit. The word is that by proposing domestic cuts in the $30 billion range and the smaller Pentagon cut squeezed out of Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger—and perhaps by assuming greater economic growth than his economic advisers think is warranted—he will keep his projected fiscal 1984 deficit under $200 billion. To keep the deficits falling, Administration officials say there will be "contingency" tax increases—possibly a speed-up of Social Security tax hikes, postponement of indexing, and/or new energy taxes—that Congress would vote on this year to go into effect in 1985 if economic growth is slow and the deficits for future years look big.

Credibility is the goal of the White House. One top Administration official told me shortly after the November election, "We've got to negotiate corrections in a flawed set of policies in a manner that makes it appear that the President has not reversed himself and so that it does not appear that the President has lost control. Presidential power is almost always partly a matter of perception. Once you appear a couple too many times to have lost power, you lose even more power and the situation can become almost irretrievable."

There is some danger that the moment this official feared may soon be at hand. A year ago, Republican polls showed a full 10-point drop in President Reagan's approval ratings after he submitted a heavily unbalanced budget—"putting us in a hole," one Congressional leader said, "that in a year of climbing, we're not out of yet." With deficit projections growing this year and no certain recovery from the recession in sight, Reagan's polls are again descending toward the 40 percent approval range. The December Gallup poll showed Reagan trailing John Glenn by a margin of 54 to 39 and Walter Mondale by 52 to 40. Four years ago, Jimmy Carter still led Ronald Reagan 77 to 37 and Gerald Ford 51 to 43.

Polls are far from everything in politics, thank God, but they have an effect on the morale of both Presidential supporters and opponents. Reality also has an effect, and the President's seeming inability to get the economy moving—while assuring everyone throughout 1982 that recovery was nigh—has spread gloom among some high-level Republicans. One of them said the other day: "It hasn't worked. It just hasn't worked, and I can't tell if the White House has any strategy to make it work. They seem not to have a grip on things—to a frightening degree." A Republican Congressman said, "We underestimated the difficulty of what we were doing. We thought there was a painless way to bring inflation under control. Now we have no alternative but to hope that the policies we put into place will work. I don't think the policies were wrong. But there is no fallback. We have to hope that pent-up demand will pull us out of this. But time is short. The 1984 campaign is under way."

The White House's original plan had been to repeat the tactics of 1982—to present a "hard-nosed" budget with deep domestic cuts and no tax increases or defense cuts, have it rejected by Congress, and then conduct negotiations with Democrats in the House and Republicans in the Senate to work out a compromise. The idea of compromising in advance was all but ruled out because the White House wanted to wait until it had a test of voting strength.

THE OPERATING PRINCIPLE among the wise men of the Administration is that "Ronald Reagan can't reverse his course abruptly. There has got to be a process so that he remains loyal to his principles—looks loyal and strong—and at the same time wins points for flexibility and the capacity to recognize political reality and adjust to it." One of the best-kept secrets of the Administration is whether Ronald Reagan is one of his own wise men—that is, whether he is aware that changes need to be made in his program and orchestrates his own conversion to moderation—or whether, as it often appears from the outside, Reagan has to be nudged, cajoled, educated, and re-educated about economic and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political realities until the dawn finally breaks.

Whichever is the case, the President's top aides intensively lobbied him again this year to relent on defense and taxes. Last year, the campaign was openly mounted by White House chief of staff James Baker III, joined by deputy chief of staff Michael Deaver, and finally by counselor Edwin Meese. This year the top three assumed a less visible role, but they saw to it that Reagan was importuned repeatedly to take steps to lower the deficit. Prior to his year-end California vacation, he was warned by his principal economic advisers that high deficits would produce long-term economic stagnation. Just after the vacation, he was bombarded again by the so-called T-1 (or Tier 1) group, which meets for breakfast at the Treasury Department each Thursday. On Sunday, January 2, the group convened until 11 p.m., to prepare for the post-holiday onslaught against Reagan's recalcitrance. The T-1 group normally consists of Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, budget director David Stockman, chief economic adviser Martin Feldstein, and former deputy budget director Ed Harper, now director of the White House Office of Policy Development. On that Sunday night, the group was joined by Secretary of State George Shultz and Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige. The group met with Reagan on Monday to urge him to adopt a "balanced package" of spending reductions and eventual tax increases. He gave them permission to work up a more detailed proposal.

ON MONDAY and Tuesday, Reagan also received delegations of House and Senate Republicans, all of whom urged action to close the deficits. Representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia, formerly a leading supply-sider, proposed a freeze on domestic and defense spending. Senator Paul Laxalt, the President's close friend and avid supporter, called his projected deficits "a little terrifying." Behind the legislators' economic concerns is a political fear: that by presenting a budget that is wildly out of balance or whose economic assumptions are extravagantly optimistic, the President will lose credibility, have his budget proposal rejected, and then be ignored by a "runaway" Congress in which House Democrats do their negotiating not with the White House but with the moderate Republican leaders of the Senate. If he doesn't take action to reduce deficits before sending his budget to Congress, said one Representative who was at the White House meetings, "the President might find himself on the outside, looking in."

One of the few remaining dissenters from the Administration's narrow-the-deficit school is that original supply-sider, Representative Jack Kemp, who argues that Stockman, Feldstein & Co. are being overly pessimistic about economic growth. Kemp says that the economy normally grows at a rate of 7 percent or better in the first year of recovery. He claims that if the Administration projects growth of just 3 percent or less, a self-fulfilling prophecy will occur, the recovery will be flat, and deficits will be high. By projecting robust growth and falling deficits, he says, people will be encouraged to buy and industry to invest.

Administration officials respond that its modest economic growth estimates are based on realistic assumptions that healthy increases in consumer spending and housing starts for 1983 will be offset by lagging business investment, a "terrible" export-import imbalance, and only a slight upswing in government purchases. "Politically," said one Administration official, "we have everything to gain if things turn out better than we anticipate. What we don't want is to turn in budget projections that have no credibility in the financial markets."

JACK KEMP'S foes in the Administration think they have undercut his effort to push Reagan into boosting the growth figures. One of these officials said, "The genius of the standby tax increase idea is that it takes all the wind right out of Kemp's sails. These taxes would be enacted this summer to take effect only if the fiscal 1986 deficit is in excess of 2 percent of G.N.P. Currently, it's projected at 5." Kemp can hardly object to a plan that only raises taxes if his long-promised supply-side boom does not materialize.

There is a disagreement between the President's economic advisers and his political advisers on whether to cook the growth numbers. The economic advisers say no, keep the numbers honest and keep them low to maintain the Administration's credibility on Wall Street. The political group desperately wants to demonstrate that Reagan's programs will get the country out of the recession and pointed back toward prosperity. It fears that projections of 10 percent unemployment in 1983 and 9 percent in 1984 will embolden Democrats, discourage Republicans, and convince voters that Reagan doesn't care.

The overriding question, though, is whether the politicians and the public have already given up on Ronald Reagan's program and are on the verge of giving up on him as well. Republican pollsters say no, that the so-called "pool of patience"—the number of people who say they will give Reagan's programs another year—is still close to 60 percent. They say that polls showing the President trailing Mondale and Glenn are strictly theoretical—easy protests against the recession at a time when no Presidential election choice is really at hand. Maybe so, but as of December 1982, Ronald Reagan's 43 percent Gallup approval rating was lower than that of any postwar President at the end of two years except for Gerald Ford (41 percent) and Harry S. Truman (35 percent). Both ultimately pulled out of the doldrums—Ford to narrow defeat in 1976 and Truman to a smashing victory in 1948. But the message is that Ronald Reagan has work to do in repairing his political condition, the more so since if he decides to run again in 1984, his opponent likely won't be a Jimmy Carter or a Thomas E. Dewey.

MORTON KONDRACKE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's time to think big.

An Economic Allegory

IT IS FEBRUARY 1985. President Mondale has been in office for a month. He won the election because of two years of double-digit unemployment. On Election Day, 12 million people had been out of work.

The prime interest rate dropped to 7.5 percent just before the election, and inflation to 3 percent, but no strong recovery has taken place. Rises in state and local taxes, declines in exports, and persistent increases in savings by potential consumers have pretty much canceled out the effect of stimulative tax cuts at the federal level. Nor have modest job programs, successive extensions of unemployment insurance payments, and hortatory encouragement from former President Reagan done much to increase consumer willingness to buy.

The U.S. auto and steel industries are in their fifth year of grossly depressed sales. A modified domestic content law raised the cost of Japanese imports, but domestic car sales have not risen enough to create substantial re-employment in the industry. Tighter quotas on steel imports have failed to revive that industry, too, and demand for steel continues to lag because of poor auto sales, a sharp downturn in office construction, and the increasing use of plastics, encouraged in part by lower oil prices. Meanwhile, European and advanced Asian economies remain in the doldrums because of contracting world trade. Almost 20 million Europeans are out of work. The alliance is in tatters—and there are worldwide rumblings of very unpleasant political turmoil.

Is this scenario for February 1985 too pessimistic to be plausible? After all, people are beginning to wake up. The Reagan Administration is taking a more realistic view of the world. Congressional middle-of-the-roaders are growing in influence. The Administration and Congress appear to be recoiling from a trade war with our allies. There will be some cutbacks in military spending. Serious efforts are being made to shore up the international banking system. Domestic programs will not be cut as sharply as the vintage Reaganites would like. There will be some kind of jobs legislation. The hardline monetarists whom both President Reagan and Carter turned loose to bring us to this point are fading away.

All true, but possibly too late. The economy may have already moved outside the range in which it can heal itself. If consumers fail to spend heavily in the next several months—heavily enough to get factories going again—we will know that we are out of that self-correcting range. It all comes down to the consumer. It comes down to that lucky family that still has a breadwinner, and a bank account, that may be ready to spring for a new car or a new house. All the business investment we were promised is not going to happen, and governments here and abroad are retrenching rather than buying more. Consumers hold the key.

Let's jump ahead again to February 1985. President Mondale goes on television to propose the creation of a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to businesses that cannot take advantage of the 7.5 percent prime rate. He asks $20 billion for the new R.F.C.—a large amount of money, but only about 10 percent of gross annual capital investment, and only about 5 percent of total commercial and industrial loans in the still huge U.S. economy. How much impact even a $20 billion R.F.C. can have is a question, particularly since in many cases it will probably replace rather than supplement private bank lending.

The new President also promises that more money will be made available to help farmers and householders avoid further foreclosures. Higher farm price supports also are in the offing. Economists are telling the new President, however, that while these measures will stabilize housing and farm prices that have been falling, they will at the same time reduce rather than increase the purchasing power of home buyers and nonfarmers.

Mondale also is moving ahead with a $15-billion public service jobs program. But Congress may balk at any program over $10 billion, given the size of the deficit, now approaching $250 billion for fiscal year 1985. And even if each job costs only $10,000 per year, a $10 billion program can directly employ only one in twelve of those out of work, and perhaps a similar number indirectly. America's purchasing power shortfall is more like $200 billion than $10 billion, but there is little chance that the Congress will authorize even more spending unless there is a war.

WHICH BRINGS ME to the point of this unpleasant allegory. When economies are pushed out of the self-correcting range, both monetary and fiscal policy measures to restore rapid growth tend to be too cautious. Eight years after President Roosevelt took office with a program similar to President Mondale's, World War II burst upon the world. Unemployment in the United States still stood at 14.6 percent in 1940 before the start of the war, despite direct government employment of three million people in emergency programs. But by 1943, the armed forces were employing nine million people, millions more were in defense industries, and unemployment had dropped to less than 2 percent. "Unemployable" Okies were building airplanes and Rosie the Riveter was building ships. Output was 48 percent higher in 1943 than it had been in 1940.

For all war's waste, the United States was richer for the stimulus war had given to the economy. The 1930s should have taught us that halfway measures are not enough. The Roosevelt Administration should have moved as strongly in 1933 to restimulate the economy by building roads, schools, dams, and similar projects as it did in 1941 to buy guns, ships, and planes, but it did not. Politically it could not, and it had to try more modest measures first. It took stronger and stronger

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economic actions as the Depression continued, always under attack from those in both parties who wanted it to do less. When it finally could and did do more to stimulate demand during the war, the economy revived almost instantly.

This should be the lesson for today. In 1983 or 1985 the government should be moving decisively to stimulate the economy by building roads, sewers, and transportation systems, filling the panoply of real public needs we have neglected for so long. It should be ignoring those who, as in the 1930s, seem to prefer a real Depression to what they see as false prosperity.

These people argue that a larger deficit, which a stimulative policy will require, will be inflationary. The deficit for 1940 was about $3 billion. For 1945 it was $47.5 billion. The national debt at the end of the war in 1945 was 3.4 times larger than it is in 1983 as a percent of the gross national product, and more than twice as high as it had been in 1940. Yet everyone was better off. Why, we should ask, would steel, aluminum, cement, lumber, or auto prices rise as a result of a stimulative public works policy, when all of these industries have 30 percent idle capacity? Nothing is scarce. Without any need for wartime controls, there is enough slack in today's economy to absorb a $50 billion or $100 billion program with little or no inflation. After all, if growth of 12 to 16 percent a year was possible during the war, why should 6 percent a year be too high now?

Interest rates need not rise either, if the Federal Reserve moves as it should to keep them down. During World War II, when the Fed acted correctly to help the government finance the war effort, business loan rates were actually lower than they had been during the 1930s. Apparently the rational expectations of businessmen that inflation would follow the war did not lead them to demand higher rates or to stuff their money into real estate or— perish the thought—mattresses.

Nor should wages fly up if the government moves strongly to rebuild demand. During the war, only a few unions used the strong demand situation to extract grossly larger pay settlements. If any try to do so in the 1980s, society as a whole—including other workers—should resist and back them down. Greater stimulus must be used to create more jobs, not to increase the wages of those lucky enough to have them now.

Unfortunately, the lesson of the 1930s and 1940s has been lost. In 1983 America and the world are stymied by the same kind of economic problems that caused so much suffering during the Great Depression. With millions wanting to work, and with machines idle everywhere, we hear the same discussions of the dangers of overstimulating the economy. We are prisoners of limiting economic ideas that should have been permanently interred forty-two years ago.

PAUL A. LONDON

Paul A. London is a Washington-based economist.

The Public Printer goes private.

REBEL WITHOUT A CASE

UNLIKE MOST of Washington's vast, colorless federal agencies, where thousands of civil servants can toil for months with nothing tangible to show for their efforts, the 122-year-old Government Printing Office produces concrete, measurable goods—thousands of them, every day of the year. In 1981 the G.P.O, which prints, binds, and distributes publications for the three branches of the government, ran off its presses close to 104 million pounds of paper. It printed six million copies of the *Congressional Record*, 15.7 million copies of the *Federal Register*, 813,000 House and Senate calendars, and 14.7 million copies of bills, resolutions, and amendments, not to mention thousands of executive agency books, pamphlets, and flyers. The G.P.O. is one of the largest job printing outfits in the world, and, with 6,000 workers, it is the largest industrial employer in Washington. So it was a natural candidate for a good strong dose of the Reagan Administration's spirit of free enterprise.

When the Public Printer of the United States retired in 1980, President Reagan appointed 42-year-old Danford L. Sawyer Jr., a Republican activist who had served on Florida's Reagan for President Committee, to replace him. Sawyer left his comfortable retirement in Sarasota, where he had made a fortune in advertising and publishing, and came north to become one of the Administration's fiercest proponents of private-sector orthodoxy. Like so many of the President's appointments, Sawyer came into the office with a professed disdain for the "federal bureaucracy" and a determination to reform the system. It would be hard to imagine a starker contrast than between Sawyer and John Boyle, his stolid, apolitical predecessor who worked his way up from proofreader to Public Printer over thirty years, avoiding innovation but fulfilling the G.P.O.'s time-honored role as a dependable arm of Congress.

Old and set in its ways, the Government Printing Office probably could have benefited from energetic new management. But Sawyer's revolution has been less than a smashing success. His schemes to cut costs and increase sales have been ill-conceived and clumsily implemented. He has found that his dignified title is misleading: his duties as Public Printer are extensive, but his power is maddeningly circumscribed. The G.P.O. is required by law to print whatever Congress, the agencies, and the President demand—critical legislative documents such as the *Congressional Record*, historical source material such as the public papers of the Presidents, and an eclectic assortment of agency publications, ranging from the homespun (*Apples in Appealing Ways*) to the historically weighty (*The "MAGIC" Background of Pearl Harbor*, an eight-volume study of cryptoanalysis during World War II). Furthermore, it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the G.P.O.'s oversight committee, the Joint Committee on Printing, not the Public Printer, which is the final arbiter on personnel and budget matters. Even the "commercial" side of the G.P.O., the Superintendent of Documents division—which distributes government publications through twenty-seven regional bookstores, 1,350 depository libraries, and a sales program—must answer to the committee on major policy decisions.

Sawyer, however, did not come to Washington to be a caretaker. His first bold move was to defy the authority of the Joint Committee and take matters into his own hands. Last March, announcing that the G.P.O. was "hemorrhaging" because of exorbitant labor costs and a decline in printing requests from the agencies and Congress, he abruptly demanded that all personnel take six-day furloughs over the next several months. The unions sought a federal court injunction to prevent the furloughs, and organized a march on the Capitol, led by Mayor Marion Barry. Sawyer was furious. He told a *Washington Post* reporter, "The economic impact of this is that they're not going to be able to go to Pizza Hut on Friday night. They're all screaming like pigs. It's absurd." But the real act of insubordination was Sawyer's. The court ruled in favor of the unions; Sawyer has appealed the case. Many of his employees now go to work wearing the button pictured on this page.

At the same time that Sawyer was making rude remarks about his union employees, he was casting aspersions on Senator Charles McC. Mathias, chairman of the Joint Committee on Printing. Accusing Mathias and other committee members of a pro-labor bias, and complaining that legislators shouldn't be involved in the management of a large industrial organization like the G.P.O., he proposed that the committee be abolished and replaced by a board of directors. (Unchastened after the decision on the furloughs, Sawyer had demanded that the unions accept a 22 percent pay cut; he eventually settled on a 5 percent cost of living raise.) If he were given free reign, Sawyer said, he'd shut down most of the three hundred branch federal printing plants across the country (which do the agencies' "quick and dirty" internal work), and contract out the printing to private companies. In fact, the committee *is* phasing out the plants that have outlived their usefulness, although less precipitously than Sawyer would. And because the G.P.O.'s presses are limited to one- and two-color printing, 72 percent of its printing, including the majority of agency work, is already being done by the private sector. Sawyer, however, would contract out all Congressional printing as well, purportedly saving the public millions by allowing the system of free enterprise to take over. "I don't want to sound like a revolutionary," Sawyer told one columnist, "but if the American taxpayers knew the kind of screwing they were getting in this operation, they'd all pick up a rifle and march on this place."

Before Sawyer was through, the G.P.O. was indeed in trouble. He had antagonized both his subordinates in the agency (who circulate a weekly comic strip that pokes fun at his intemperate plots) and his supervisors on the Joint Committee on Printing (who skeptically scrutinize every action he takes)—all of which has helped to confirm his darkest suspicions about the dangers of strong unions and the intransigent federal bureaucracy. Before he started, however, the G.P.O. had been doing fine. Contrary to his alarming statements about the G.P.O.'s "bleeding all over the place," the Joint Committee on Printing and the General Accounting Office say the G.P.O.'s finances have been sound for at least the last ten years, and, according to John Boyle, the agency has operated in the black for every year since its founding except one. A staff member of the Joint Committee says the General Accounting Office's preliminary report on the agency's financial statements for last April, May, and June cited "major accounting errors and miscalculations, with costs overstated, revenues not properly recognized, and building renovations not properly capitalized." John Boyle says simply, "Dan Sawyer uses an accounting method I wouldn't use in a poker game."

What is the bottom line at the G.P.O.? The flurry of charges and countercharges makes it hard to know. But one thing seems clear. The agency's thousands of entrenched civil servants have done an extraordinarily efficient job over the years, achieving economies of scale in its Congressional printing that private printers couldn't hope to match. During his confirmation hearings, following a ninety-day stint as a consultant to the G.P.O., Sawyer himself grudgingly admitted, "I have been much surprised to find that the Government Printing Office has been able to attract and to retain some very high-quality people; and the end result is some very high-quality work. The work produced is on a time schedule that is almost miraculous."

Clearly Sawyer's revamping of the G.P.O. has been inspired more by ideological fervor than by financial necessity. And for all his fury about the squandering of scarce funds on union salaries, Sawyer has hardly been a model of frugality in his own management policies. In April, a month after the furlough fuss, he was embarrassed when a Jack Anderson column disclosed that during his hiring freeze he had launched his highly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

touted new marketing division with ten political appointments (at a combined salary of $300,000), doubled the number of top-level civil service positions (each of which pays over $50,000), added a fourth assistant public printer, and created two new deputy assistant public printers. To date, Sawyer has spent close to $1 million on new executive salaries.

Some of these executives, liberally interpreting Sawyer's directive that office remodeling "be absolutely warranted by need and need alone," proceeded to spend, according to Anderson, over $234,000 to renovate their offices when Sawyer was on vacation in Florida. The newly designed suites, in startling contrast to the shabby industrial plant decor of the rest of the G.P.O.'s headquarters, include walnut paneling and trim, new desks, chairs, and carpeting, and a different color scheme for each. Sawyer attempted to exonerate himself from some of the "unwholesome things" implied in the Anderson column by printing (at taxpayers' expense) 9,000 copies of an "Open Letter to Jack Anderson," in which he correctly, if disingenuously, pointed out that much of the building is in a state of dangerous disrepair. Representative Joseph Gaydos, a member of the Joint Committee, revealed in September that the executive office refurbishing and related expenses exceeded $1 million.

GIVEN the extravagant expense generated by Sawyer's marketing ventures, one can only hope they fare better than his labor policies. But despite his impressive past record in promotion and sales, the prospects look dim. Here too he let zeal overtake sober judgment. Last October, in a departure from the unimaginative distribution methods of past Public Printers, Sawyer and his new marketing staff launched a $2- to $3-million "multimedia blitz," featuring public service announcements on TV (in which Ben Franklin confides that G.P.O. books help him keep abreast of the changing times) and a handsome fall books catalog displaying the G.P.O.'s best sellers. There is no reason why the G.P.O. shouldn't package its publications more attractively, and if Harlequin Romances can sell books on TV, theoretically the G.P.O. can do the same. But unfortunately, no matter how sophisticated the media blitz, the audience for most G.P.O. books, which tend to cover dreary subjects like foot rot in sheep and federal aviation regulations, will be limited. John Boyle says wearily, "It's been tried before. He'll be lucky if he recovers any money. The government publishes a peculiar type of document, which is already getting into the hands of most people who need it. He's not selling best sellers by Teddy White or James Michener."

Public Printers of the past, much like the reputable old publishing houses, operated on the principle that the big-selling publications would help subsidize those that lost money but were deemed intrinsically worthy. Sawyer, who sees himself as a distributor who must answer to the laws of supply and demand, has snuffed that sentiment. He's cleared out the warehouse in Laurel, Maryland, of a backlist of seven thousand "worthless" titles, selling off as waste paper documents valued at $11 million. He's stopped carrying publications that the marketing director believes won't turn a profit within eighteen months, saying they can be found in the depository libraries or ordered directly from the publishing agency. And last year he attempted, unsuccessfully, to eliminate twenty-three of the G.P.O.'s twenty-seven bookstores because, he told me, they weren't making consistent profits (a statement that is being challenged by the Joint Committee on Printing and the General Accounting Office). "Cut out the losers and accentuate the winners," Sawyer says briskly. "That's what everybody does. If a grocer sees that his dates aren't selling, what does he do? He gets rid of them."

Of course, Sawyer isn't in business to peddle fruit and vegetables. His job is to disseminate information to Congress and the public as cheaply and as widely as possible. Until Sawyer's tenure, the G.P.O. had served a nonpartisan archival function—rather like the Library of Congress. There is no question that Sawyer is a good ad man (the catalog of best sellers makes even the *Venomous Arthropod Handbook* look enticing), and that the media campaign will make the general public more aware of what publications the G.P.O. has to offer. Whether or not people will be able to afford them is another matter: Sawyer has raised the prices of agency publications between 10 and 50 percent over the past year. He says, with some justification, that the prices of the G.P.O.'s books hadn't kept pace with rising printing, postage, and paper costs. But the G.P.O. can afford to sell these publications at bargain rates, since the agencies bear virtually all of the printing and editorial costs. New mothers are now being asked to pay $4.75 for the 67-page pamphlet, *Infant Care*. If the Superintendent of Documents division did indeed make a $4.5 million profit in fiscal year 1982, as it claims, it would appear that it is overcharging its customers. Disgruntled librarians, public interest groups, and consumers charge that the effect of the G.P.O.'s new sales strategies, like that of the Office of Management and Budget's elimination of 2,000 agency publications, has been to restrict the public's access to government information.

Danford Sawyer's entrepreneurial overhaul has succeeded in at least one respect: the Government Printing Office is no longer the staid, uneventful place it once was, even if things haven't turned out quite the way he'd foreseen. But if Sawyer's critics resent the havoc he's wreaked through his fanatic fiddling, Sawyer is equally annoyed about the ingratitude of those for whom he has sacrificed so much to be a public servant. "I've got a Jaguar, an MG, two station wagons, a thoroughbred, and two quarter horses out there," he said in the July issue of *Washingtonian*. "I retired before I came up here. I need this garbage like a hole in the head."

DOROTHY WICKENDEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Red-baiting, no. Anti-Communism, yes.

THE 'PEACE COUNCIL' AND PEACE

BY RONALD RADOSH

AN OLD PROBLEM is back. Activists in the nuclear freeze movement are faced, whether they like it or not, with the question of what attitude they should take toward Communists and Communism. They want the White House to engage in serious arms control negotiations, which is an essential goal. While working toward that goal, they are receiving overtures from American Communists who espouse unity in a common effort, but whose own private agenda is quite different.

One might have thought that the experience of decades would have settled this issue long ago—indeed, as long ago as 1924, during the third-party campaign of Senator Robert M. LaFollette. After working to support LaFollette as part of a broad coalition, the Communists received new orders from Moscow and suddenly condemned him as a Fascist. LaFollette concluded in a public letter that Communists had joined his campaign only "to disrupt it," and warned, "To pretend that the Communists can work with the progressives is deliberately to deceive the public."

After World War II, liberals faced the issue again when the remnants of the wartime Popular Front supported Henry A. Wallace's 1948 Presidential campaign. Wallace's "Gideon's Army" believed that there were "no enemies on the Left," that liberals and Communists had to work together and maintain unity against the conservative drift. Americans for Democratic Action, the American Civil Liberties Union, the New York State Liberal Party, and many other liberal groups disagreed, contending that the Communists' antidemocratic ideology and their subservience to Soviet policy were flatly incompatible with liberal goals—and that liberal organizations were not only within their rights to exclude them but had a moral obligation to do so. This did not prevent right-wing extremists from continuing to attack such organizations as Communist, but it deprived such charges of much of their force.

Today the issue has reappeared, with the Reagan Administration and its right-wing allies Red-baiting the entire nuclear freeze movement. The President himself started the attacks, proclaiming in December 1981 that antiwar demonstrations "are all sponsored by a thing called the World Peace Council, which is bought and paid for by the Soviet Union." Far-right author and researcher John Rees followed suit, stating that "the Soviet Union is running the current worldwide disarmament campaign through the K.G.B. and . . . the World Peace Council," and that U.S. peace activists were "up to their necks in this effort." And there were more such attacks. Of course all this is nonsense: the vast majority of those who campaigned and voted for freeze resolutions in November have never even heard of the World Peace Council.

The right's tactic of using this relatively obscure group to undermine the peace movement has not worked. The American press has been sharp in exposing the paucity of the allegations, particularly in challenging the President's recent assertion that "foreign agents" instigated the freeze movement. Even a cursory look at the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign shows that the U.S. Peace Council, the American branch of the World Peace Council, is not part of its elected leadership. It is not to be found on its National Committee or on the smaller executive and strategy committees. On the other hand, major organizations such as the Presbyterian Church are officially involved, and one suspects that it is this kind of popular support that really upsets the White House.

If Communists and U.S. Peace Council members are involved in working for the freeze on a local level, their participation is too minimal to have any political meaning. Yet they are trying to play a more active part. Indeed, just as the right needs to paint the freeze movement as pro-Communist, so do the Communists need this Red-baiting to gain them attention and legitimacy. A new generation of activists naively responds to the problem with their own kind of illogic. If the attack on the peace movement through the U.S. Peace Council is McCarthyism, they reason, the rejection of the U.S. Peace Council must also be McCarthyism.

It is this attitude, newly emerging, that allows such an old-fashioned Communist front as the U.S. Peace Council to gain a following among old left peace groups such as Women's Strike for Peace and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. These groups were themselves incorrectly attacked by Senator Jeremiah Denton as Communist fronts. But it would be correct to describe their leaders as unfailing fellow travelers of the type that flourished in the 1940s and 1950s.

Ronald Radosh is co-author with Joyce Milton of *The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth*, to be published in August by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The brochure of the U.S. Peace Council's national conference is adorned with ads from both the various locals and the national office of the W.I.L.P.F.

Perhaps the best example of how the new breed of fellow travelers reacts to Soviet policy can be found in their response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. It never occurred to them to react first with an outright condemnation of the invasion—to say nothing of offering their moral support to an indigenous liberation movement struggling for self-determination. They argued that the Soviet invasion was not a cause for alarm. After all, Afghanistan was already a client state of the Soviet Union, and the Afghani rebels were composed of barbarians—wife-beaters who objected to imposed progressive measures such as elimination of the bride price. You simply could not, as *Nation* correspondent Fred Halliday argued, compare the Afghan rebels to the heroic Vietnamese Communists. One group was composed of Marxist guerrillas, the other of "ultraconservative tribesmen" who need to be brought into the modern world under progressive Soviet tutelage. Thus the Soviet invasion was to be applauded, not condemned.

RED-BAITING helps the Communists gain a hearing. How this works is revealed in a recent special issue of *The Nation*, in which Frank J. Donner writes that the U.S. Peace Council is simply a peace group with chapters around the country; it has "some Communist Party members in its midst, but it also has members from Congress, state legislatures, city councils and legal and religious groups." Donner makes the U.S. Peace Council sound like a broad-minded chapter of the Rotary Club. But the fact is the U.S. Peace Council was established by the American Communist Party two years ago as a vehicle to consolidate its "peace work," and as a way to reach the newly emerging broad peace movement with pro-Soviet arguments.

In December the U.S.P.C.'s executive director, Michael Meyerson, a longtime Communist Party activist and a member of its Political Committee, issued a long "Open Letter" on "The New 'Red Scare,' " which the U.S.P.C. mailed to every major peace group. As Meyerson's letter describes the U.S.P.C., it is simply an independent group of peace activists. It has "known Communists in its leadership," but that is because it rejects anti-Communism and refuses to bar the "Left" from "progressive organizations and coalitions in times of Cold War in order to please the Cold Warriors." (Meyerson ignores the possibility that the peace movement might have its own reasons for wanting to bar Communists.) He offers another argument for Communist "participation": that Communists bring "a sometimes missing sense of organization, direction, and ideological cohesiveness." He points with pride to years of "peace activities" on the part of Communist "quintessential Americans," like William Z. Foster and Benjamin Davis, the two most hardline Stalinists ever to rise from the ashes of American Communism. Meyerson's list of Communists smoothly excludes the "peace activities" of the Party's most popular and long-standing leader, Earl Browder—who went to prison for his peace campaign during the Nazi-Soviet pact, and who was purged in 1945 for prematurely advocating the détente the Party now supports. Meyerson ends his "Open Letter" by extolling the virtues of his Party comrades: "Our experience in working with U.S.P.C. members who belong to the Communist Party has shown them to be as honest, hard working, thoughtful and dedicated to the cause of peace as anyone else."

EXCEPT, THAT IS, when the cause of peace is espoused within the Soviet Union. I asked Meyerson what he thought of the independent peace activists who were arrested after demonstrating in Red Square on June 12. He regretted the suppression, he said, but he characterized the brave group as "not a peace movement," but a tiny band "seeking passports to emigrate to Israel." When I asked him if there had ever been a Soviet action to which the U.S.P.C. might object, Meyerson recalled Nikita Khruschchev's testing of a 58-megaton bomb in 1961, which ended a three-year moratorium on Soviet and American above-ground testing. "That probably wasn't necessary," he said with a sigh. I reminded him that at the time, Communists and their allies in the peace movement rushed to defend these tests, claiming that they were necessary to match America's strategic superiority. "They probably weren't good Communists," he retorted. "Good Communists," it seems, should have been able to see through Khrushchev's revisionism and adventurism.

Meyerson, like Reagan, claims that the U.S.P.C. has played a major role in the nuclear freeze movement, a conclusion directly at odds with the December 9 report of the House Select Committee on Intelligence. "We run it [the freeze campaign] in West Virginia," he told me. He went on to say—falsely, it turns out—that Randall Forsberg, who originally formulated the freeze idea, traveled to Moscow as part of a U.S.P.C. delegation. Forsberg told me that she went to Moscow as an individual, and then, as part of a group put together by the U.S.P.C., attended a dubious meeting with the official Soviet Peace Committee. Forsberg says she refused to sign the statement Meyerson had drawn up as a press release on the eve of the group's departure from Russia, and adds that she bluntly told him that she would not "be a propaganda tool for the Soviet Union." Forsberg stressed that she was fully aware that the Soviet Peace Committee was actually a state-run group, not a "nongovernmental" body as claimed by the U.S.P.C. The U.S. Peace Council, Forsberg says, is "completely anti-American," a group whose members see nothing wrong "on the other side." They hew only to "the current line in the Soviet Union." They are simply a "pro-Soviet organization, and there are a lot of other people in the peace movement in the United States who feel the same way about them."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forsberg's assessment of the U.S.P.C. is accurate. Meyerson's "Open Letter" invites anyone to join, as long as they understand that "the Soviets want peace." The U.S.S.R. is described as a power that takes unilateral steps toward disarmament; only the United States, in U.S.P.C. eyes, has ever "escalated the arms race." There is a lengthy attack on NATO's proposed deployment of Pershing missiles in Europe, but not a word about the actual Soviet buildup of SS-18 and SS-20 nuclear missiles targeted on Western Europe.

The U.S.P.C. stresses that "the struggle for disarmament is indivisible from the struggles for independence and self-determination," except when the struggling takes place in Afghanistan or Poland. Only in Central America and the Middle East is liberation looked for. The U.S.P.C. is certainly unique among peace groups to list as a main demand "defeat for the Camp David accord," which, it argues, was designed to neutralize Egypt so that Israel could carry out "genocide" against the Arab peoples. The U.S.P.C. is clear that it only supports "legitimate movements of national liberation," such as the P.L.O.

BUT WHY a U.S. Peace Council, when the American Communists can peddle their line through their own Party? Because the creation of a front allows the Communist Party to win sympathy among people who would otherwise have nothing to do with it. Thus the brochure of the U.S.P.C.'s 1981 National Conference contains an ad from "Friends of Iowa," which appears to be signed by virtually every peace-minded minister and church activist in that Midwestern state. The nuances of the U.S.P.C.'s positions are of little interest to these good people; it is enough for them that the organization has "peace" in its title and is a proclaimed opponent of Ronald Reagan.

The U.S.P.C. has also obtained a good share of political support from elected black leaders, including State Senator Julian Bond of Georgia, Representative John Conyers of Michigan, and Gus Newport, the mayor of Berkeley, and a co-chairman of the U.S. Peace Council. Conyers declined to discuss the issue, and Bond did not return repeated phone calls. But Mayor Newport strongly endorsed the U.S.P.C.'s positions. Only the United States, he told me, takes steps to gain superiority when in fact it "has even more [arms] than the Soviet Union." I asked him about the SS-20s, and he responded that any expressions of concern about them had to be in the context of understanding that "our foreign policy is the worst in the world." Western Europeans, he argued, felt threatened because the U.S. was "dictating that missiles be deployed on their shores." These missiles, he said, gave the Soviet Union "justification to deploy the SS-20s."

I read to Newport the wise words of E.P. Thompson, the British social historian turned peace leader. "Martial law in Poland is not only an internal matter," Thompson writes. "A defeat for freedom in Poland will be a devastating defeat also for peace." Newport sees it differently (as does Meyerson, who told me he had "great respect for Thompson, but he is wrong"). Newport said that he supports workers' movements, but added that the smashing of Solidarity was used by Reagan to distract attention from the smashing of PATCO; moreover, the "labor movement in Britain took a position against Solidarity." They had "sent people over there to investigate the situation" and they had not viewed the Polish movement favorably. Finally, Newport said that American peace groups that rejected working with the U.S.P.C. "have received a lot of money from the Rockefeller Foundation and places like that."

THERE HAVE BEEN two different responses to the efforts of the U.S.P.C. to gain entry into the peace movement. Two years ago, the influential Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy met to discuss the U.S.P.C.'s application for affiliation. (The groups affiliated with the coalition include the National Council of Churches, the United Hebrew Congregations, the Democratic Socialists of America, and the War Resisters League.) Admirably, after long and heated debate, its board voted 18 to 4, with four abstentions, to reject the U.S.P.C.'s request. According to the minutes of the meeting, the majority decided that it had to make clear that "the positions the Coalition takes that are critical of the U.S. government and its policies come from our own independent analysis and conclusions and are not influenced by organizations that may have associations of some sort with a foreign power." Particular concern was expressed that the U.S.P.C.'s affiliation with the World Peace Council meant that they were "completely dominated by the Soviet Union."

This response was not repeated, however, by the June 12 Rally Committee that put together the massive New York City freeze rally. The U.S.P.C. had one seat on its executive committee, and four other seats were held by Communists or fellow-travelers who officially represented their unions but were backed for admission by the U.S.P.C. Yet the committee refused a seat to the Democratic Socialists of America, on the ground that they are a "political grouping." The U.S.P.C. was able to get the committee—whose members were keen on unity—to tone down the official rally call so that it was not equally addressed to both the United States and the Soviet Union. In its own literature, the U.S. Peace Council described June 12 as a day in which Americans would be demanding action to "reduce *our* arsenals." (My emphasis.)

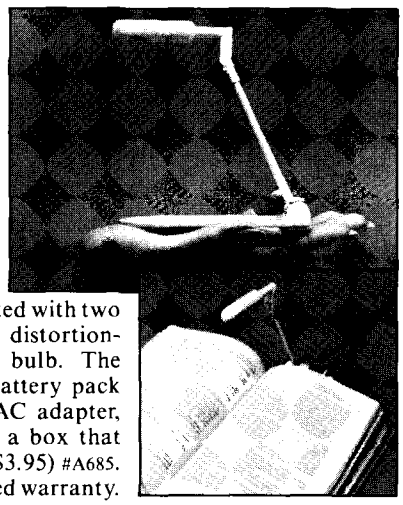
At the executive committee meetings, Meyerson argued that the rally should include such demands as a call for an end to U.S. intervention in Central America. This was part of what he terms a "serious attempt to address the question of . . . U.S. interventionism, and the racist consequences of the arms race." The rally itself ended up hearing from at least one speaker who contended in his speech that "there can be no disarmament

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVERTISEMENT

TOOLS FOR LIVING®

Book light

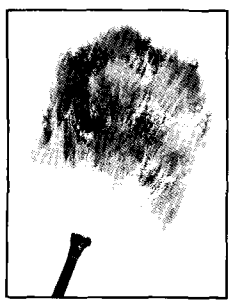


Here's a new tool just on the market that will brighten the life of any bookreader. It is a light that clips right on the book or magazine you are reading, flooding the open pages with a cool strong light ideal for reading. The light weighs just a bit over 2 oz. and is attentively crafted with two swivel joints and a special distortion-free lead crystal optical bulb. The Booklight comes with a battery pack (batteries not included), AC adapter, 8′ cord and spare bulb in a box that looks like a book **$29.00** ($3.95) #A685. Backed by a one-year limited warranty.

Watering Whiz

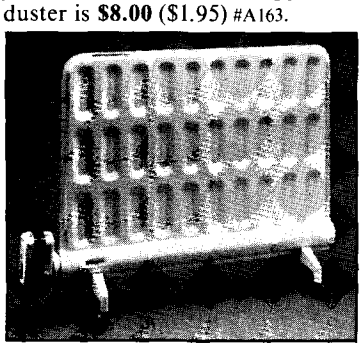
Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There is an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. This 50′ vinyl hose comes complete with a set of four adaptors that readily attach to most indoor and outdoor faucets. From there you just take the water where you want it, an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage and wash away the dust accumulation that impairs a plant's health as well as its beauty. The indoor garden hose kit costs just **$11.00** ($1.95) #A681.

Dust Magnet



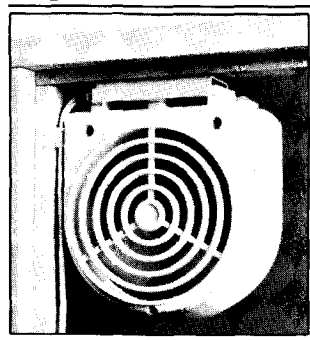
If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways,* we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, crystal, china, pictures and other fragile items. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. A 20″ authentic lambswool duster is **$8.00** ($1.95) #A163.

Ultra Thin Panel Radiator

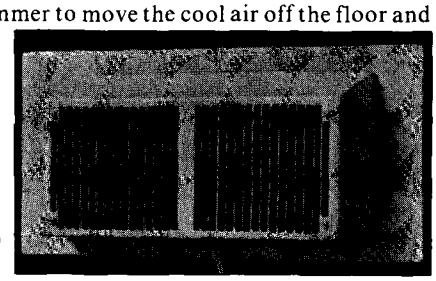


The first thing you notice about the Dimplex radiator is its unusual shape. There is more than just esthetics behind this sleek contemporary design. The large radiant heating surface of the panel provides an ideal balance of half radiant and half convected heat — no energy is wasted. It is filled with a special heat-retaining oil that is permanently sealed inside the radiator. The unit draws a maximum of 750 watts of power and produces 2559 BTUs. The thermostat automatically turns off and on as needed. There are no fumes or odors, no exposed elements and it can not overheat, making it ideal for the bedroom or even a child's room. Its portability (casters just plug in) is especially convenient — just roll the Dimplex from room to room as you need it. It's 31½″ long and 23½″ high and comes with a six foot cord. We offer the Dimplex in bronze #A563 or white #A562 for **$150.00** ($12.95) each.

Improve Your Circulation



Good air circulation throughout your home means increased comfort, heating efficiency and uniform temperature. But every home has its problems, whether it's high ceilings, unusually large rooms or later additions. Here are two excellent ways to help *direct* the air and *balance* the temperature. The **room-to-room temperature balancing fan** (shown at left) mounts high in the frame of a doorway (doors can still be closed) where it recirculates warm air down into the room. The ConServ fan has a 110 volt motor with a 10 foot cord and an in-line switch. **$28.00** ($3.95) #A397. The **register fan** (shown below) fits right in the register outlet, sucks heat up the duct and pushes it out into the room. A heat sensor in the switch turns the fan on automatically as the heat comes up (there is also a manual control, which means you can use it in the summer to move the cool air off the floor and up into the room). The booster fan (actually it is two small 4″ fans running together) fits all registers up to 6″ x 14″ and plugs into any electrical outlet. It comes with 9′ of cord and costs **$40.00** ($3.95) #A536.



ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The price of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in ( ). Be sure to add the price ***plus*** *shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the* ***total price*** *of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.*

TOOLS FOR LIVING
Dept. NRA13; 400 S. Dean St.; Englewood, NJ 07631

Send to (PLEASE PRINT) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is a check or money order for $_____ payable to **TOOLS FOR LIVING.**

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Am. Express Exp. Date _____

Account # (All digits) | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Signature _____

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order.

IF YOU'RE PLACING A CREDIT CARD ORDER OVER $25, YOU MAY PHONE IT IN ON OUR 24 HOUR TOLL FREE NUMBER **800-228-5505.**

Item No.	Qty.	Description/ Color	Item Price	Shpg. & Hndlg.	Total Price

©ISP, Inc. 1982 Total Amount

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without the independence of Puerto Rico."

Obviously, some of the rally committee board members who welcomed the U.S.P.C. to their ranks did not privately agree with Meyerson. But they implicitly adopted the mushy logic that all enemies of American militarism are their friends, even if these new allies actively support Soviet militarism. Perhaps these individuals should listen to the advice of E.P. Thompson, who has related an incident that occurred at the end of a speech he gave at the Riverside Church peace conference last year. A Soviet citizen rose to speak on behalf of the World Peace Council. This man praised Thompson for his critique of NATO defense strategy, but criticized him for not defending the Soviet SS-20s. Thompson comments:

> To allow the Western peace movement to drift into collusion with the strategy of the World Peace Council—that is, in effect, to become a movement opposing NATO militarism only—is a recipe for our own containment and ultimate defeat. This will also meet with a refusal in Eastern Europe . . . where much public opinion is utterly jaded with official 'peace-loving' propaganda, and where state sponsored Peace Committees have never, thoughout their whole thirty-year existence, fluttered an eyelash in protest against any action of Soviet militarism.

The only beneficiaries of Communist involvement in the peace movement are the two groups that would like to see a pro-Soviet peace movement in the United States: the Reagan Administration on the one hand, and the Communists and fellow-travelers on the other. Ironically, these two forces think of each other as mortal enemies; in fact, both are enemies of an effective peace movement. The desire to do something about the nuclear danger is faultless. So is the desire to protect civil liberties. But there is no good reason to collaborate with Communists, and plenty of reason not to. Those in the peace movement who wish to rid its ranks of Communists are not McCarthyites. There is a difference between Red-baiting, which must be rejected, and anti-Communism, which is a moral and political necessity. Unless the peace movement understands this, it will sink into oblivion.

The making of a socialist, capitalist, and African state.

THE CRACKS IN ZIMBABWE

BY XAN SMILEY

REVISITING JOURNALISTS who inhaled the pungent scent of Zimbabwe at war ("the vultures," as we were then known) are curiously unhappy nowadays. It is confusing. You used to know, roughly, who was killing whom, who were goodies and baddies, who was right and who was wrong. And you knew what the outcome had to be: black rule, as simple as that. In the days before independence, few felt compelled to haggle over what *sort* of black state it should be. There were nuances of death, to be sure. There was that half-cocked independence (for some, "the Kerensky phase"), that push-me-pull-you period of 1978-1980, when grim-faced Ian Smith in awkward tandem with Bishop Abel Muzorewa told his white supporters that the country was still white, and the once militant nationalist prelate, looking shiftily over his shoulder at his own white hatchetmen and South African financiers, told *his* supposed constituency—the seven-and-a-half million blacks—that Zimbabwe was indeed theirs.

Today, in subtler ways, the fuzziness is more confusing for the hardened journalist's glazed and weary eye. Physically, Zimbabwe is as neat—in many ways as un-African—as Rhodesia was. The capital hedges are as maddeningly trim as ever, as though there'd never been a hiccup of violence during those eight bloody years of war. Business (almost entirely white business) is booming—on the surface, at any rate. (The omens are much less favorable than they were a year ago.) Yet, three years ago, I was fairly sure that there would eventually be a smoking ruin: indeed, that would surely have been Rhodesia's legacy had the Lancaster House constitutional talks failed.

So there is a feeling, even now, of astonishment that order eventually prevailed. But what, really, does Prime Minister Robert Mugabe want? He proclaims himself a Marxist; yet since his ascent to power Zimbabwe has barely shifted from its profoundly capitalist base. The new leader—inscrutable, uncorruptible, scholarly—may be biding his time. But his ministers and the burgeoning new black civil servant and business elite, though calling each other "comrade" and occasionally obliged to mouth Marxist rhetoric, look more wedded to privilege and personal wealth by the day. The white

Xan Smiley is an editorial writer for *The Times* of London.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tycoons who run agribusiness and industry are still there, bowing as politely to Comrade Mugabe as they once did to Ian Smith, and making just as much money. Mugabe has brought three singularly unproletarian whites into government, two of them old Smith hands: one hanged guerrillas while he was minister of justice; the other made a fortune supplying machine guns, and now blithely declares: "the game's the same; the color's different." To the uninformed outsider, it is sometimes hard to discern whether you're in a white or a black country. It all seems a shade unreal.

YET CHANGE HAS COME, and it's real enough. The black masses are incontestably better off than they were before. Though there is always a danger of making unsupportable boasts, Smith-style ("our blacks are the happiest in Africa"), it is a fair bet that Zimbabwe's lowest paid are indeed now the best off in sub-Saharan Africa, where minimum wages rarely exist. For a start, basic pay has skyrocketed, and most essential goods have been pinned down by the government at subsidized low prices. Inflation, though rising fast at about 20 percent, will take a while to catch up. Four years ago, farm laborers and domestic servants (no longer known as "houseboys," though they may have been 60 years old) were getting, in Zimbabwean currency, around $15 to $25 a month. (One Zimbabwean dollar is the equivalent of U.S. $1.25.) Now the monthly minimum is $50, and industrial pay has soared to a minimum $105. In health and educational services many Africans—primary schoolteachers—have seen their paychecks double or even triple. Formerly, pay scales were different for blacks and whites doing the same job. Enrollment of schoolchildren has more than doubled since independence, and primary school (grades 1 through 7) is now free. Previously, parents paid $10 to $12 a term. Hospital attendance has multiplied as the small admission fee (about 50 cents a visit) has been dropped for those earning under $150 a month. Rural services, especially primary health care, have begun to improve quickly, and workers' committees on farms and in factories have made black workers far more assertive: overtime payments are much more strictly regulated; arbitrary dismissal is virtually impossible, making it hard for managers to lay off workers in time of recession or low profit; workers are demanding to be drawn into decisionmaking. Above all, there is still the psychological uplift of independence, the fresh air of freedom. Servants are said by whites to be "much more cheeky" (the African equivalent of the American "uppity"). As one unreconstructed "troopie" (former Rhodesian soldier), groping to express the racial anguish that he and his peers still feel, put it: "Ah man, it's as if the Kaffirs almost think they're, um, *white!*"

Life even for the whites has actually been remarkably serene, especially when they compare their situation with that of their counterparts in Mozambique and Angola. In each of those countries a quarter of a million whites simply vanished overnight when independence overtook them seven years ago, leaving a vacuum in skills and administration that has since been filled by chaos. Nonetheless, the one-time Rhodesians are leaving steadily. Exact statistics are unavailable because many "go on holiday abroad" and don't come back: curiously enough, a vacationing family of four can take out more foreign exchange than a family emigrating. An informed guess is that the white population is down from its zenith of 278,000 to about 150,000, and will probably decline to below 80,000.

Why are they going? Certainly the civil servants—the highly resilient backbone of Smith's besieged but sturdy economy—have reasons beyond that of racial prejudice, which itself is as strong as ever. Their wages at the higher end are frozen, falling far behind levels in the private sector, and promotion prospects seem blighted, with qualified blacks for political reasons leapfrogging in at the top. Efficiency-conscious bureaucrats jib at the need to hold their tongues in the face of political expediency and ministerial pomp and ceremony, which have become important facets of the new Zimbabwe. At the lower end of the white scale, the artisan class, the heart of Smith's race-conscious constituency, has watched the less affluent white suburbs and schools become rapidly "submerged" in a wave of upcoming, keen, black skilled-worker families, and simply cannot accept racial equality. And at the heart of white consciousness, permeating all classes, is the sense of unpredictability and insecurity following the relief that Mugabe—portrayed by the Smith media as a terrorist monster—has not cut all their throats.

POLITICS, although by no means hostile to white interests except in rhetoric, is certainly taking on a traditional African hue that is disarming to uninitiated whites. Tribalism has reared its head, together with the nepotism of the extended African family. And, with a kind of Catch-22 circularity, the one-party state is clearly on the way: it is designed precisely to combat "divisive" (i.e. tribal) tendencies, because African political parties invariably tend to assume a tribal identity. But if the one-party system is implemented too quickly or too ruthlessly, it tends to exacerbate those very tribal feelings it is intended to assuage. And the key black group that Mugabe would like to draw into his political embrace believes it has been handled much too roughly. In short, the Ndebele minority are angry.

Partly it is the legacy of nationalist history that Mugabe has been saddled with. Smith was assailed by two separate guerrilla armies: one owing allegiance in the east and center of the country to Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union-Patriotic Front (ZANU-PF), which received massive support in the 1980 general election from Shona-speakers, who make up 75 percent of the country; and the other owing allegiance in the west to Joshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), which was even more heavily supported

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the Ndebele and related Kalanga, who make up a fifth of the total. The traditional African ideal would be to merge the two main parties into a single national party. Mugabe has happily and generously absorbed most of the support for the smaller ones, in particular Bishop Muzorewa's once substantial but since discredited group. Again—in traditional fashion—Mugabe has given respectable jobs to many former, now contrite, Muzorewa men. Nkoma has presented the less tractable problem. The veteran nationalist, to whom Mugabe was once a mere lieutenant, is embittered by the war's tribal polarization, which led to his electoral humiliation.

TO BE SURE, when peace came, Nkomo was cajoled into an uneasy government coalition, though Mugabe's more bellicose subordinates made it insultingly clear from the start that they regarded the hugely fat Nkomo as an untrustworthy encumbrance. Last year, when he refused to be rushed into a new single party, and demanded more benefits of patronage than his opponents considered his due, Mugabe's party decided to strike. For guerrillas who have been hiding in the bush for many years, a gun is like an extra limb: to lose it is to be crippled or naked. So when peace came and the two guerrilla armies, under British tutelage, were integrated into one force with amazing success, it was assumed by all astute observers that large arms caches would remain hidden in many parts of the country. In particular, elements of the old Nkomo army, some of them reluctant to admit a position of inferiority to Mugabe's ex-guerrillas, buried large piles of Russian weaponry, some of it inordinately heavy and sophisticated. When the time came for the ruling Shona party to destroy Nkomo, there was the pretext.

Early last February the arms were "discovered." Nkomo was fired from government, along with his top aides. In an attempt to decapitate ZAPU while bringing the body of the party into an accommodation, Mugabe kept some ZAPU figures in government and brought in two more. But he has detained Nkomo's top general, his top political commissar, and top security man, together with at least a hundred of their cadres, at least one of whom has since died in captivity. About a dozen companies regarded as ZAPU business fronts were confiscated by the government under an old Smith law; several farms on which many of Nkomo's ex-guerrillas had settled cooperatively were expropriated and the occupants evicted. It is estimated that around four thousand of Nkomo's guerrillas have lost all their savings. The Ndebele and Kalanga, of course, are furious. They will be angrier still, if, as Mugabe has implied, Nkomo himself is brought to trial.

The greatest bonus for the Prime Minister, however, is that the integrated national army, where ex-guerrillas from both factions are mixed, sometimes with remnants of Smith's black forces, is generally holding together. Allegiances are to state rather than to party. A few thousand of Nkomo's ex-guerrillas have decamped into the countryside, especially in the west, and are harassing and killing officials, robbing stores and buses, and occasionally attacking police and army posts. White farmers say it is like a return to the insurgent war, with many local people clearly giving succor to the new "dissidents," as the government calls them. Old Shona-Ndebele rivalries are stirred up. Shona women have been waving ZANU-PF placards demanding: "Search Nkomo's stomach. You may find heavy arms inside." Shonas joke that this year's searing drought, which has afflicted the Ndebele in the west, is God's punishment on them for planting arms instead of maize.

The problem of the Ndebele and their Kalanga relations, however, is one that Mugabe can probably ride through. Three-quarters of the country, the richest and most educated part, are behind him. Most, including the bulk of sensible whites, seem to welcome the drift toward the de facto one-party state, however much the Ndebele resent it. De jure, it will be hard to impose without flouting the terms of the Lancaster House constitution, which provide for freedom of association and political parties until 1990. But there may be ways of circumvention. The size of the Prime Minister's own office is swelling quickly, with seven ministers of state and deputy ministers now in his department, so that an executive presidency may evolve without infringing on Lancaster House.

IN ANY CASE, it doesn't matter whether the constitution allows for a formal one-party state tomorrow. As Mugabe promised at a rally in May, "ZANU-PF will rule forever." He means it. Most important aspects of life are already being colored by a need to be on good terms with government. One symbolic illustration of this is the near obligation of big businessmen to be photographed presenting a check toward the party fund for building a party headquarters. In the rural countryside, where three-quarters of the people live, the all-powerful colonial district commissioners have been squeezed out: their black replacements, known as district administrators, are all carefully vetted and blessed by government. Many of their new staff are ex-guerrillas. Though technically civil servants of the state, they make it plain that their substantial rural benefits and social advances come to the people from ZANU-PF. As elsewhere in Africa, functions of party and state are converging. Even at the fairly low level (convenience-store owners, for instance), ZANU-PF membership is becoming more than a help. One leading minister, Eddison Zvobgo, has advocated that trade licenses should be withheld from members of opposition parties. Every day the news media—now far more subservient to government than in Smith's day—announces defections from the minor parties to the ruling one. Top black civil servants and academics are equally aware of the advisability (not, as yet, a compulsion) to proclaim allegiance not just to the institutions of state or of learning, but to the party itself. Patronage and appointments to important professional

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posts are accordingly becoming party oriented. Except among the Ndebele and Kalanga, this process is not generally thought unedifying: the vast majority of Zimbabweans, including a growing number of whites, have hopped on the bandwagon. The spirit of reconciliation and reconstruction (except, again, in the Ndebele West) is sincere and invigorating: the one-party state does encourage a feeling of unity and dynamism that makes sense to the average black African, whereas concepts of "legal opposition" quite fundamentally do not. So far the bandwagon, though already embellished by the trappings of authoritarianism, is heading in a direction that seems beneficial to the masses. The convergence of ZANU-PF and the state is accepted.

BUT THE UNPLEASANT aspects of that convergence are becoming increasingly visible. The gradual muzzling of the press and the arbitrary arrests of alleged dissidents are becoming more painfully felt by the minority of blacks who stand outside the magic orbit of ZANU-PF. Although white-dominated business is keeping happily out of trouble, enough whites have now fallen afoul of the new authorities to make the racial atmosphere less relaxed than it was a year ago. The South African government may well be encouraging dissent, both tribal and interracial; but there is a tendency in ruling circles to throw accusations of South African-inspired plotting at anyone who incurs displeasure. Foreign correspondents are under pressure: a third of the country has been made out of bounds to them, and the government has become angrily sensitive to reports of army atrocities in the search for Nkomo's dissident ex-guerrillas. Journalists now have to tell the Ministry of Information whenever they travel more than twenty-five miles outside the main towns—a restriction that wasn't imposed even at the height of the pre-independence guerrilla war. Two British journalists were jailed for three weeks on feeble official grounds. It has transpired that a white M.P., held for almost a year without trial, was tortured while in prison. When he finally came before the court, the state's case rapidly collapsed. A cloud of mystery hangs over the detention of nearly a score of white airmen alleged to have sabotaged some of the Zimbabwe Air Force's newest jet fighters. There have been further allegations of torture.

None of this means that Mugabe's new Zimbabwe has completely succumbed to illiberalism. The judiciary has won some noble battles against the executive, whose worst ministerial offender seems to believe he has license to imprison anyone suspected of disloyalty to the new order. To his credit, Mugabe himself is thought to have sided with the judiciary occasionally. In general, however, the rhetoric of egalitarianism and the demands of traditional authoritarianism mean that individuals are going to get crushed. Mugabe can rule effectively without Ndebele enthusiasm, whatever the insecurity in the parts of the west; he can rule without white joy. Indeed, whites still have cause for gratitude: they haven't been chased out. But the old white liberals who hated Ian Smith are the saddest of all. Many are becoming bitter. Their values are as alien to the new bosses as they were to the old. Politically, they are redundant.

There are, however, two dangerous snags from the point of view of Mugabe and his long-term tactics. One is the ideological confusion already mentioned. The gap between Marxist rhetoric and laissez-faire reality, if anything, is increasing. White and black businessmen (although still few) are not so much afraid of socialism, if, as Mugabe insists, it is allowed to coexist with a mixed economy. But they badly want to know more precise details of future planning and policy. Will ideology or pragmatism prevail? If the former wins, the national economy will suffer grievously; if the latter, Mugabe will face a torrent of frustration and abuse from the remaining genuine party radicals, for whom rhetoric must be translated into reality. At present, Mugabe seems to lean toward the pragmatists, though if he were to follow his inner beliefs, he would probably lean the other way. Even the core of his own once radical party (particularly the party's twenty-nine-person central committee, which meets secretly once a month and is still much more powerful than the technocrats in government) is rapidly being drawn, apparently willingly, into a web of bourgeois patronage and wealth.

THAT IS THE SECOND SNAG. The salient problem of one-party states is the swollen, self-interested bureaucracy and patronage that grow up within them, and the unacceptability of criticism. Already Mugabe has appointed fifty-four people to ministries or deputy-ministries, though there are only eighty blacks in parliament. Whatever the increased pay of the humbler workers, ministerial and top civil servant salaries ($24,000 and $28,000 a year respectively) are by comparison massive. As the number of privileged beneficiaries inflates, the machinery of government is already creaking noisily. Coordination is feeble. The exodus of white civil servants and artisans means that basic services in the administration and in such areas as the postal and telephone services are deteriorating quickly. Inefficiency is showing signs of being compounded by corruption. Mugabe is austere, seeming aloof from the avarice and the rat race. But will his example be fierce enough? I doubt it.

My guess is that the socialist jargon of the party has perforce to remain, if faded, like a holy scripture; but the one-party system, in cahoots with capitalism, will prevail whatever the grumbles and sporadic violence of some of the Ndebele and the complaints of the real Marxists. Social advance will benefit the masses for a few years. But after half a decade, overblown patronage and corruption will begin to weaken the fabric and reduce the benefits. For those who have seen Africa, Zimbabwe is still a shining star. But the warning lights are beginning to flash, the new elites seem impervious to them, and there is a horrible sense of déjà vu.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Comparisons, Comparisons

The Gift
(Samuel Goldwyn)

The Toy
(Columbia Pictures)

Seven Samurai
(Landmark Films)

The Gift, which is French, and *The Toy*, which is American, are farce-comedies based on the same premise: a human being is purchased for the pleasure of another human being. If that Great Production Chief in the Sky had ordered two countries to make films based on the same gimmick in order to exemplify each country culturally, it couldn't have worked out better. True, the French film was adapted from an Italian novel, the American film from a French film, but that only proves—in these cases, anyway—that national cultures can forage and transmute.

The gift, in the French picture, is a luscious international call girl. Pierre Mondy is a retiring Parisian bank executive, married and with a grown son, who is making his last business trip, to Milan. His bank colleagues secretly chip in to engage an expensive tart who "accidentally" sits in Mondy's train compartment and entices him into accompanying her to Venice for the night. He not only doesn't know that she has been employed, he doesn't know that she is employable; he thinks he has charmed her.

Around this center, several subplots are neatly braided by Michel Lang, who wrote the script and directed. It ends with Mondy again in Venice, this time with his wife, Claudia Cardinale who, after a spat, has to placate *him*.

The toy, in the U.S. film, is a black man, Richard Pryor, who is engaged for a week by a Louisiana tycoon, Jackie Gleason, as a plaything for his eleven-year-old son. Gleason is divorced and remarried to a jiggly blonde. His son by his first wife visits him for one week a year, and Gleason has promised the boy anything he wants. The boy spots Pryor in a huge department store, which is only one of Dad's enterprises: Pryor, a Phi Beta Kappa journalism graduate, has been forced by circumstances to take a menial job in the store. The boy is amused by Pryor's antics and wants him for the week. Gleason, bound by his word, obeys and gives the order. Pryor, strapped, accedes. Complications, as complications will, ensue.

Michel Lang's direction and editing of *The Gift* are fast and fizzy. (Michel Legrand's music bubbles, too.) Lang knows that no spot on the surface of his film can bear much pressure, so he skates along over the thin ice, with the pirouettes of the various plots whirling lightly. His only miscalculation is the last sequence, the marital reunion, which goes on a touch too long. The thin ice begins to creak a bit.

Richard Donner, who directed *The Toy*, is only minimally competent, but not much more is required by Carol Sobieski's script. It isn't meant to whiz along, it's built to provide scenes—figuratively to stop every few minutes and provide chances for Pryor to show his wonderful stuff, for Gleason to show that he still has some of what he used to have. Most of the rest is conventional ligature: chases, even in miniature cars, and pool splashings and pie-throwing.

The basic theme of *The Gift* is that there's something sweetly sad in a man's aging and that everyone, including women, including his wife, ought to sympathize and help to make the passage easier for him. The only sexual concern shown for his wife is that, in the finale, she is expected to dress like the call girl and vamp him again—to minister to his needs. The film is built for Pierre Mondy, who sustains it. A highly experienced comedian and director of comedies, especially in the theater, Mondy knows what to do and how to do it; his skill, almost independently of the film, is a treat. The one casting flaw in the picture is that Clio Goldsmith, the call girl, is, at her most glamorous, less fetching than the wife, Cardinale, at her most domestic.

The basic theme of *The Toy* is Heart. Under the tycoon's thick gold-plated armor is affection for his son and the possibility of humane action. Under the boy's brattiness is loneliness and a hunger to give love. The best medicine for both of them is the black man's perfection: Pryor never makes a significantly false or crassly selfish move. The black man's capacity for simplicity and love leads to reconciliation between father and son and a happy future for all who have troubles at the beginning. Gleason, in the TV pantomimes and sketches that he once did, showed that he could have been the best American clown after Red Skelton: it's not all gone. Pryor is no less dazzling than he almost always is, at least when he can wriggle free of the script's molasses; and he even manages to make some of the syrup work as lubrication.

One more comparison between the films. The tart in *The Gift* is happy in her work. The black man in *The Toy* knows that he is virtually being enslaved but accepts it as a way to eventual freedom.

Both of these films are most interesting as mirrors, not of truth but of nationally treasured fantasies. Everyone's acceptance of male sexual prerogatives is about as true of France as the black man's perfection is of the U.S.—a perfection

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Smithereens. The SoHo rock scene. Susan Seidelman's first feature peers beneath the grit with keen vision.

Sophie's Choice. It's not possible to see Meryl Streep's performance without seeing all the rest of the picture, too, so. . . .

Tootsie. Dustin Hoffman as an actor who impersonates an actress in order to get work—and gets more work than he foresaw. Consistently comic, often acute.

The Verdict. A drunken Boston lawyer Comes Back. Sidney Lumet made a commonplace story with uncommon skill, and Paul Newman is superb.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that will reveal to the white man the loveless errors of his ways and will heal them. *E.T.* feeds fantasy appetites on a cosmic scale. *The Gift* and *The Toy* feed fantasy appetites on a smaller, cultural scale.

AKIRA KUROSAWA'S *Seven Samurai*, made in 1954, is now being shown in the U.S. for the first time in its original version. This version—let's call it A—runs 208 minutes and was shown in only a few big Japanese cities. Version B, somewhat shortened, played second and third runs in Japan. Version C, which runs 160 minutes, is the one that has previously been shown here as the "full" film, in contrast with Version D, 141 minutes, which is the one available in 16mm. I have now seen all except B. I've used D in film courses without feeling like a butcher, although I prefer the longer C. My trouble is, now that I've seen A, I still prefer C.

Not many would dispute that, wherever one locates it in these varying versions, *Seven Samurai* is a masterpiece. I was one of the 125 or so critics around the world recently invited by *Sight & Sound*, the English film journal, to submit a list of ten favorite films, a poll that the journal has been conducting every ten years from 1952 on. *Seven Samurai* was on my list, and it placed third in the cumulative tally. At least this demonstrates that, nearly thirty years after it was made, the film stands high in the world—in fact is growing in reputation: it was not on the Top Ten lists for 1962 and 1972. I don't know how many times I have seen it, in one version or another, but it has always gripped me.

Until I saw Version A, Kurosawa's own version. (Apparently he had insufficient control over what was done to it later.) With this fullest version, the element of time entered my consciousness as it had never done before, the time needed to build, articulate, and conclude the complex novelistic story. (And the intermission, which is necessary, doesn't help.) The passage of time became a kind of counterpoint to the film itself after the first twenty minutes or so. In the past, the film had simply existed in the time it needed, as a good statue or building exists in the space it needs. I can't specify all the "new" materials—even the published screenplay is not complete—but I was most aware of extension in the prologue during which the samurai are enlisted and the sequences involving the young samurai and the disguised village girl. The wonderfully edited battle scenes also had moments that I couldn't remember having seen in other versions. It was my first viewing of *Seven Samurai* in which I felt that a foreign sensibility and foreign cultural/dramatic expectations were distancing it slightly.

This raises the unanswerable question: What is the authentic "text" of a film? It's a question that critics and teachers have to face—or, if possible, have to avoid. I can't begin to list all the films of which incomplete or lacerated copies are the only ones in existence; and color has only increased the problem because it deteriorates. I'd bet that 25 percent of the "revivals" shown in film theaters are not exact copies of the original release prints; for 16mm prints, the figure could be 50 percent. This situation, about which I've often complained, is horrible. But does it automatically follow that the uncut version or the director's restoration of a "pre-original" version is best? Would anyone really prefer the original ten-hour version of Stroheim's *Greed*? I don't question that anyone would like the chance to see it once. I'm grateful for the chance to have seen Version A of *Seven Samurai*, but must I prefer it? To come considerably down the scale, must I prefer Spielberg's second, revised, and amplified version of *Close Encounters*?

The problem exists in other fields. How many audiences have ever seen Voltimand and Cornelius in a production of *Hamlet*? How many audiences have missed them? The Cambridge classicist M. I. Finley recently said: "When we read Thucydides or Lucretius or Tacitus, either in the original or in translation, it is an act of faith to believe that throughout we are reading precisely what Thucydides or Lucretius or Tacitus wrote."

I see no way to handle the question except to face each instance as it comes, with the weight evenly distributed on both feet, with empiricism at the ready.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The Best and the Worst

One of the more expendable year-end rituals for me is the listing of Best and Worst awards in the area of theater, movies, music, and books. It's not a custom many critics have much appetite for—most seem to be responding to the pressure of editors (and possibly advertisers) to provide newspaper copy and entertainment guides during a slack season. But whatever the promotional reasons, this red-hot center approach to culture treats our writers and artists like two-year-olds lining up for the Belmont stakes, with the critics forced into the role of tipsters marking up their racing sheets.

There is no harm, there is even generosity, in reminding the public of what gave one pleasure in any given year. But although I am always interested in the opinions of critics I admire, arranging these into a short Best list tends to reinforce the notion that the artistic process is a form of competition. True, the ancient Greeks also awarded prizes in tragedy and comedy, but the American system of lists and awards (with a few isolated exceptions) usually has more to do with commerce and fashion than with artistic merit, and in certain categories—acting for example—it is often a self-defeating exercise. To isolate a single performance for commendation is not only to show ignorance of the way actors work off each other but to assume that all acting can be judged by the same criterion, which would be plausible only if everybody were playing the same role.

Although it may seem more appropriate to identify the best play than the best performance of any season, even that effort presumes on the prerogatives of posterity that will always remain the only reliable judge of quality. You would think that, being so rare, the genuine dramatic masterpiece would invariably leap to the top of the Best lists, but these are seldom identified in their own time. In the season of *The Ice Man Cometh* (1946-1947), the Critics Circle Prize went to Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*, with the Pulitzer Committee disdaining to make any award at all, while the year *Waiting For Godot* was produced on Broadway (1955-1956) both the Critics Circle and Pulitzer Prizes went to *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For me, the lists of Worst plays are usually more interesting than those of the Best, because it is there the critic is most vulnerable and exposed. It is natural to try and forget one's more unfortunate experiences in the theater, but the fact that some reviewers actually volunteer to chew these over again, many months later, suggests they may have inspired more passion than the critic is willing to acknowledge. Assuming one does not enjoy inflicting pain, it makes little sense to beat a horse you have already killed, unless the poor filly has become something of a nightmare. (Just imagine how *Waiting for Godot* must be haunting the many critics who put it on their hit lists—as, for example, poor Marya Mannes who wrote: "I saw it at a matinee with the house half empty, and I doubt whether I have seen a worse play.")

It might be salutary to have reviewers share in the accountability they impose on theater artists (how about a list of Best and Worst Criticism of the Year?—or, as one cynical wag suggested, an award for the critic who contributed most to the American theater, not to be given for at least a decade). For the real menace of these Best and Worst lists is not so much their inaccuracy or shortsightedness as the way they implicate critics in a pattern of media hype from which criticism must remain free. This is the process of In-and-Out—a game invented by newspapers and magazines for the purpose of selling new products and personalities—leading to the treatment of creative people as so many disposable counter items, indistinguishable from hemlines or video games, whose value is measured only by a capacity to sustain the interest of a quickly jaded public. It is a process affecting the visible public arts particularly, whose newly made celebrities are alternately catapulted into fame and shot down by the Big Berthas of the publicity mills, and it has spread the conviction, so bizarre in a country of our size and diversity, that there is room for a single individual at the top of each profession, that one succeeds only through the failure of others.

This has inevitably established an atmosphere of ruthless competitiveness, sad enough in business and corporate life, but profoundly tragic in those activities that have normally been collective; and it may be in the process of extinguishing our hopes of a shared community. If your place on the Best list has been taken by another, then your colleague becomes your usurper, and the pleasure normally taken in the success of a friend evaporates in a cloud of envy and resentment. The most mutually supportive artists in America today, generally speaking, are still our poets, because they remain the least noticed by the public and the media. But were poetry in America ever to achieve the eminence it enjoys in the Soviet Union, then even that selfless condition might change.

MY MELANCHOLY view of In-and-Out America was recently confirmed in *Variety* (of all places), which published an open letter by Daniel Melnick, a Hollywood producer whose career was damaged by some vicious and unfounded rumors. Melnick's fate made him philosophical:

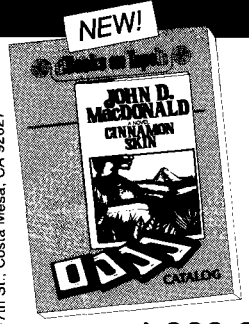
> People who make money from an industry which creates and vends fantasy may not feel 'real' about what they do. We are the casualties of our own hype and fantasy. Ironically, in all areas of the industry, people are irrationally competitive with one another, as if there was only a finite amount of success available. If the above is true, then an excellent defense against the 'fear of imminent discovery' would be to 'eliminate the competition.' Rumor . . . is an ancient, malicious device motivated by wishes to destroy, by trying to enshroud a person with disgrace, scorn, disdain, and contempt. . . . Deprecating the work of our peers; glee at the failure of another's album, movie or tour; cynical joy in an acquaintance's loss of a client or mate, are examples of how people impotently try to 'eliminate the competition'. . . . Everyone in our industry has been the subject and perpetrator of gossip and rumor. All of us have wounded and been wounded. Most of these wounds have metastasized into cynicism and pessimism; inner tattoes acquired in the rites of passage to success. What a pathetic, unnecessary and empty ritual!

It is a ritual that has now spread well beyond the entertainment industry to characterize considerably less financially rewarding and celebrity-conscious arts, as writers, actors, painters, musicians, and architects scramble and claw their way up the Best lists lest they end up on the Worst. Speaking only of the theater profession, traditionally one of the most generous, I would be hard put to name a dozen people who do not find some secret pleasure in the roasting of a play or the pasting of an actor—not because we enjoy the discomfort of others but because the failure of our colleagues helps "eliminate the competition." Significantly, the recent event that most united the passions of New York theater personalities was not the dismissal of a production that deserved better treatment, or the failure of the press to recognize an unusual performance, or the extinction of a valuable resident theater, but rather the razing of the two Broadway buildings, the Morosco and the Helen Hayes, which, whatever their architectural value or historical past, could hardly be characterized any longer as centers of theatrical art. Perhaps some day we can again get as exercised about flesh and blood as we do about bricks and mortar.

"This is a moment," writes Irving Howe in *A Margin of Hope*,

> of peculiar sordidness. It's as if the spirit of the old robber barons has been triumphantly resurrected, as if the most calloused notions of Social Darwinism were back with us, as if the celebration of greed we associate with the late nineteenth century were reenacted a century later. . . . Visions of community that were to relieve the heartlessness of a moneyed society—does anyone recall them? . . . What one finds in the country at large these years is a terrible coarseness of feeling, a contempt for the vision of fraternity, a willed brutality of value.

I realize that, in invoking this language, I am aiming rather heavy artillery at those who have decided simply to list their critical preferences in the course of a single year; and I apologize to my professional colleagues for inflating what must seem a perfectly harmless pursuit into a symptom of apocalypse. But if the arts are to have the redeeming function that Howe and others believe necessary for the well-being of our society, then they must be relieved of the pressures of that society's coarsening values.

BOOKS ON TAPE
FREE CATALOG
NEW!


Best sellers on cassettes.
Money back guarantee.
VISA and MasterCard.
Call Toll-Free
1-800-854-6758
(In California 1-800-432-7646)
711 W. 17th St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627
Or write Books on Tape, Inc. Dept. NR
P.O. Box 7900, Newport Beach, CA 92660

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

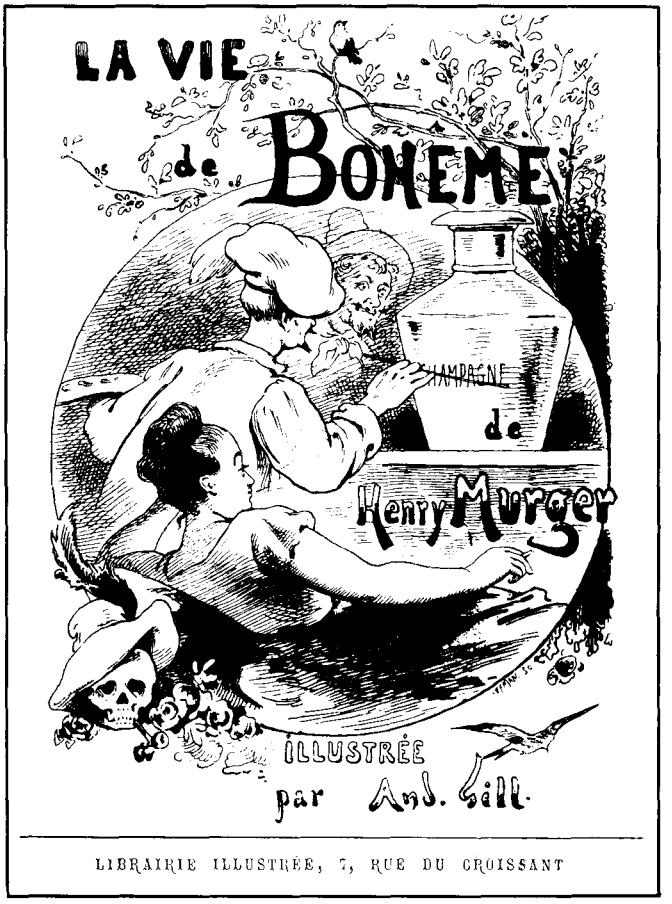
HIP (I): A corner of Paris, a promise of freedom.

The Rise Of Bohemia

By Jerrold Seigel

Its borders were youth and hope, gaiety and despair, love, poverty, courage, cold, and the hospital. To nineteenth-century explorers, Bohemia was a real country with real inhabitants but not marked on any map. They traced its frontiers with a mixture of reality and fantasy. We inherit their problem of just where to locate Bohemia, and whom to count among its citizens. Count them: if only we could. To be able to say how many Rodolfos and Mimis were shivering and starving in their garrets in year A and how many half a century later, how long youth lasted and what level of middle-class comfort awaited those who gave up or escaped: if nothing else, charts and graphs might make *La Bohème* a respectable subject. But in this way as in others Bohemia resists respectability. It cannot be mapped and graphed and counted because it was never wholly an objective condition. Bohemia had outward signs of membership: clothing, occupation, gait, rhythm of life. But it had to be entered through the mind, through some consciousness of belonging. Whether a certain form of dress or rhythm of life was Bohemian or not depended—and still does—on how it was meant or taken. Bohemian gestures were symbolic actions.

Our map must place Bohemia at the intersection of life and cultural symbol. To enter it might have real and unforeseen consequences, sometimes even tragic ones; but to go in was always to make a gesture and a statement—about oneself, about society. Because Bohemia was half life and half symbol, to invent the name was not far from discovering the thing. That invention can be traced to a period, the 1830s and 1840s, and to a place, Paris. By 1850 the word was shedding its literal association with gypsies and its first extended ties with a shady underworld of beggars and con men to take on the meaning best enshrined for most of us in Puccini's opera, *La Bohème*, written in 1896. One man contributed more than anyone else to this transformation: the author of the stories that gave Puccini his characters, Henry Murger.



TITLE PAGE OF 19TH-CENTURY FRENCH EDITION OF 'LA VIE DE BOHÈME.' COURTESY OF THE GRANGER COLLECTION

Murger was not the first to write about Bohemia in this sense, and many who have done so since have sought to belittle him. Understandably: Murger was a mediocre writer and in some ways not a very admirable person. Those who associate Bohemia with the forward thrust of the artistic avant-garde or the high ground of moral heroism have treated him with disdain, wishing he would go away. But in the history of Bohemia Murger will not go away. He is there whenever the phenomenon is to be defined or described. The enormous success of his play *La vie de bohème* in 1849 first gave the image of Bohemia wide currency, and provoked the earliest sustained discussion of what it was and what it meant. The play's half-dozen revivals through the century kept that dialogue alive. Murger's death in 1861 was marked by a large public funeral, a widely supported subscription for a memorial monument, and a further round of debate about Bohemia: newspaper and magazine articles to begin with, then no less than three biographies, all seeking to capture the true meaning of Murger's life.

What made this second-rate writer so pervasive a symbol? The simplest answer is not the least important, though it is often overlooked: chronology. When Murger first offered his tales and sketches in a small newspaper, mostly during 1846, they were hardly noticed. Three years later the play based on those stories was the talk of Paris. Daily papers could not restrain their astonishment at the size of the crowds—and of box office sales. This broad enthusiasm was only partly brought on by Theodore Barrière's music and the French love of theater. Behind it lay the experience of revolutionary upheaval. The toppling of the government in February of 1848, followed by the bloody civil war in June and the agitations that continued under the

---

Jerrold Seigel, professor of history at Princeton University, is writing a history of Bohemia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Second Republic, all gave a new edge to the contemplation of undisciplined young people living out their hostility to respectable society in the shadowy reaches of Paris. Murger's characters were seldom inspired by political conviction or passion. His work gave heart to those who wanted to see the French put aside public confrontations for their other great national enthusiasm, the poetry of private life. But other observers found very different hopes in Murger. To the radical young reviewer for *La réforme*, the theatrical presentation of Bohemian life was a reminder of all the inner contradictions in bourgeois society that drove its heirs to flee toward its margins. Their commitment to a life of freedom, work, and pleasure was a warning that the society which corrupted these values was rotten and weak, and would have to pay.

MURGER'S IMPACT was strong partly because it was first felt at a moment of revolutionary crisis. As that crisis receded it left a residue of issues that would recur to challenge every generation of the modern European bourgeoisie. That Bohemia had to be a temporary phase if its inhabitants were to avoid disaster was one of Murger's strongest convictions. In the play of 1849 this conviction inspired Rodolfo's self-centered vision of Mimi's death as the end of his own youth; two years later, in the preface to his book of Bohemian tales, Murger rejected longer residency in Bohemia as a cul de sac. Murger himself was always seeking the way out of Bohemia, and it is more than ironic that the success of his Bohemian tales offered him the first real chance to find it. He yearned for nothing more than a regular, comfortable, and established bourgeois existence. But he never succeeded in achieving one. His habits were too irregular, his output too small, and he never learned to write successfully about any other subject. Hence his original link to Bohemia remained, undiluted by any other public identity. His explicit advocacy of conversion from Bohemian to bourgeois made him appeal to many who had found the path or sought it. At the same time, his own inability to escape altogether from Bohemia made him also the symbol of the deeper and more persisting alienation felt by others. The contrast between those two views structured the debate about Murger that followed his death in 1861. These issues are perennial in modern life, but they were especially intense for the members of Murger's own generation. Young in the 1840s, they felt the full impact of the failed revolutionary expectations of 1848. They were the first generation to have to make some kind of peace with the refusal of bourgeois society to transform itself into something else. Murger met their need, spinning a thread of continuity between revolt and reconciliation, youth and age.

Murger's Bohemians did their dance of closeness and distance to bourgeois life to a rhythm of constant ambivalence. Their lives revolved around the opposite poles of commitment to artistic poverty and fascination with bourgeois wealth. It was this moral ambivalence rather than any genuine artistic vocation that occupied center stage in Murger's mise-en-scene. In the preface to his book of 1852 Murger claimed that the real subjects of his tales were the "true" Bohemians, poor young men with genuine artistic callings for whom the passage through Bohemia was a necessary apprenticeship. Murger distinguished these true Bohemians from the crowd of those he called "amateurs" who surrounded them: young bourgeois seeking excitement or living out their youthful rebellions in the protective anonymity of Paris. Yet the distance between the two groups was smaller than he wanted to believe. Indeed, if we accept Murger's definition of the professionals as those with a real artistic calling, then he was never far from being an amateur Bohemian himself, an artist who could write successfully about nothing but Bohemia. He represented those for whom being an artist seldom found fulfillment through doing the work: instead it meant living the life.

Murger's sketches and stories became the classic image of Bohemia because they depicted a life that was both less and more than the artistic apprenticeship he claimed. The form of that life was modeled on the experiences of poor young artists trying to enter the world of culture in an age of market relationships. But their style of life was here appropriated for a different purpose: dramatizing the ambivalence felt by young—and not so young—bourgeois toward their own social destinies. Bohemia enacted the polarities of weath and poverty, work and indulgence, duty and liberation, and thus acquired its theatrical quality of being half life and half symbol. The identity of the artist was the mirror in which Bohemians explored their wider ambivalence toward bourgeois life.

Mirrors are of different sorts, however. They can magnify or diminish, sharpen or blur. Once the mirror of Bohemia existed, it was available to others. Whether it diffused or intensified the tensions of modern life depended on who was holding it up. There is space to mention—briefly—two such standard-bearers here. Both had Murger's work very much in mind when they described their own Bohemias; each deliberately departed from him. The first is nearly forgotten today, although he was famous as an arch-Bohemian in the 1850s. He was Alexandre Privat d'Anglemont, journalist, night-walker, café-fixture, friend of Murger and Courbet and Baudelaire, the man to whom Murger declared and everyone repeated: "You are not a Bohemian, you are Bohemia." Privat was the great master of *blague*, of leg-pulling, tall-tale-telling, and self-obfuscation, the ultimate *Luftmensch* of body and spirit. We know practically nothing certain about his life because, as one of his friends recounted, he would tell his story to anyone on the slightest provocation, but he never told it twice the same way. Privat once considered writing about the artists, writers, and women who made Murger famous, but never did. Instead he wrote about another underside of Paris, a region also named Bohemia but which Murger determinedly excluded when he sought to draw its boundaries. This was the shadowy gaslight world of slum-dwellers and down-and-outers, ragpickers and peddlers, acrobats and organ grinders, the lower depths of society.

PRIVAT'S REPORTS were especially famous for their accounts of the surprising and inventive forms of surviving and making do that grew up in the empty corners of nineteenth-century society, the activities and employments called *mêtiers inconnus*. Parisians had long been fascinated by these murky figures, present in the pages of Eugene Sue. Privat's characters were as colorful as any. One called himself the *boulanger en vieux*, collector of stale bread from which he provided pet food and even soup croutons; another filled attics with dog and cat dung in order to make breeding grounds for worms to be sold as fish bait. There was the widow Vanard who scavenged lemon peels, making perfumes and flavorings of them; and Matagatos, the scourge of stray cats, supporting himself by selling them to cheap bistros where they could pass for rabbit stew.

Court records show that judges of the time often believed that the *mêtiers*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inconnus were merely invented by vagabonds and con men as trumped-up defenses against criminal charges. Privat's reports gave a very different picture. Not only were the unknown activities real, they were inspired by virtues and a vision that was altogether respectable. Privat's people did not live from hand to mouth. They rose above their condition. Each was animated by an inspiration, an idea. Each worked steadily and responsibly to turn that idea into an enterprise that benefited both himself and others. Some did very well, thank you, and Privat was happy when his publicity helped them to do better. His message was that the margins of Parisian life were not swamps waiting to sink the forward motion of modern civilization, but potential sources of innovation and progress.

MURGER AND PRIVAT represented Bohemia in ways that were conservative, integrative: in their mirrors the tensions of bourgeois life were diffused, relaxed. Both stood at the opposite pole from another noted and self-conscious Bohemian, Jules Vallès. Vallès provides the model mid-nineteenth-century example of the Bohemian as rebel and revolutionary. His prominence in the Commune of 1871 was a strong reason why some people at the time saw that uprising as an outburst of Bohemianism. His autobiographical trilogy, *Jacques Vingtras*, described his life trajectory as a progress from Bohemianism to revolutionary radicalism, and his collection of 1865, *Les réfractaires* (a good modern rendering would be *The Refuseniks*), evoked a Bohemia that was consciously desperate and menacing where Murger's had been hopeful and lighthearted.

Most writers about Bohemia have followed Vallès's own lead in stressing the contrasts between his version of *La Bohème* and Murger's. Yet the two shared more than Vallès wanted to believe, especially from the perspective of his wholehearted identification with revolution after 1871. Before that date, Vallès's attitude toward bourgeois society was less one of clear and determined opposition than of deep and pained ambivalence. As a journalist and writer during the Second Empire, Vallès was always a republican, a socialist, and an outsider. But that did not keep him from seeking accommodations with society or yearning to be accepted by it. His primary commitment was to individuality, and this made him as suspicious of regimentation when it was demanded from the left as when it was sponsored by the right. Although he chafed at Bonapartist restraints on political activity, his ferocious individualism probably got freer rein within them than it could have in a situation in which political loyalties would have been more constantly and publicly tested. Vallès suggested as much when he said he had felt freest when writing for the conservative but independent-minded *Le Figaro*.

One hears the authentic accents of his speech in an article he published in the fall of 1861:

> Sirs! There is a misunderstanding between us! In every man who takes up a pen, a palette, a chisel, a pencil, whatever, the bourgeois sees a useless person; in every bourgeois, the man of letters sees an enemy. Sad prejudice, foolish opinion, unhappy antagonism. Our cause is the same, the valiant cause of the *parvenus*.

The bohemians he called *réfractaires* were themselves parvenus, individuals who sought to arrive at their personal goals by the sheer force of their pride and imagination, rejecting the paths traced out in advance by others. Unlike Privat d'Anglemont's people, they were not born on the margins of respectability. But their identification with the qualities of inventiveness and independence supposed to animate bourgeois society was so intense that it demolished the conventional limitations within which ordinary people found security. Their lives were heroic and sometimes led to the edges of revolt. But their hopes and visions were seldom fulfilled. Pouring out their hearts in a cloud of heroic but useless fantasy, they imagined things never done and books never written. They lived in the stale, winy atmosphere of defeat.

That Vallès painted their fate in darker colors than either Murger or Privat reflects the disappointments of his own and his family's history. Vallès's father was an Auvergnat peasant who sought to rise into the bourgeois world through education, passing his *baccalauréat* and becoming a secondary school teacher. But like many similar people in the nineteenth century, Vallès learned early that when people like his family claimed bourgeois status, they might have to pay for their pretension in the coin of failure and rejection. That experience cast the mold for the ambivalence toward bourgeois society that drove Vallès in contradictory directions until the outbreak of revolution and repression in 1871 resolved it for him. His identification with the defeated, the *vaincus*, there found its apotheosis.

In different ways Murger, Privat, and Vallès all occupy exemplary spaces in the landscape of nineteenth-century Bohemia. That they do helps us to see beyond the most common approach to Bohemia in cultural history, the one that frames the subject primarily in terms of the social position of art and artists. The figure of the artist was central to Bohemianism not because Bohemia was made up of artists, but because the nineteenth century made the artist's intense preoccupation with self-examination and self-development symbolic of wider issues in individual and social life. The French Revolution did away with the corporate basis of society dominant in the old regime. For the first time society was constructed on principles that claimed to place each individual in it not through some intermediate adherence to a corporation, an order, or a guild, but on the basis of pure individuality. To develop one's individuality, through education, independence, inventiveness—what Hegel called free subjectivity—was the expectation placed on all members of civil society. Access to these possibilities for self-development was the distinguishing mark of membership in the modern bourgeoisie. There was a point beyond which this cultivation of self ceased to be socially useful, becoming egocentric, anarchic. Bohemia grew up where the boundaries and limits of bourgeois existence were murky and uncertain. It was a space within which the potentialities set free in bourgeois life were continually thrown up against the barriers erected to contain them.

ONLY WHEN WE have recognized this basic independence of the history of Bohemia from the history of art and artists can we grasp the nature of their interdependence. A good place to approach it is through the greatest of the nineteenth-century poets associated with Bohemia, Charles Baudelaire.

More often than not Baudelaire detested Bohemia, sharing a hostility felt by other modernist figures, including the Goncourt brothers and Flaubert. His anti-Bohemianism was double-pronged. Baudelaire's preferred personal style was elegant, refined. He aspired to be a Dandy, to embody the aristocratic impassiveness and hard polish of a Beau Brummel, living the whole of his life in front of a mirror. To him, the Bohemian's spontaneity, social and sexual promiscuity, his life under the stars, were all anath-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ema. Baudelaire found Bohemianism suspect from an aesthetic point of view, too. Bohemia was one important locus of the modern artistic heresy that identified art with natural feeling. Baudelaire, as we know, rejected this identification. Beauty was not the product of sentiment but of imagination; it belonged not to nature but to artifice. The followers of Murger, Baudelaire wrote the year Murger died, rejected the hard work and discipline real artistic creation required.

BAUDELAIRE also aspired to the union of art and life, but on the Dandy's terms, not the Bohemian's. The Dandy sought to make life an art by imposing his image of self-contained perfection on it, canceling out his natural self through the power of artifice. It was a heroic undertaking, one always on the edge of failure. The Dandy was a creature from another age, glowing like the sun in the twilight zone between the eras of aristocracy and democracy. Historically doomed, the Dandy's impassiveness was also personally impossible. It was shattered by the passion that drove the genuine artist—what Baudelaire called "the passion for seeing and feeling."

Out of the dissolution of Baudelaire's Dandyism there emerges the other Baudelaire: the penniless inhabitant of dingy hotels, the poet fascinated by prostitution, the celebrant of inebriation, the explorer of drugs. These experiences and postures were expressions of that artistic passion for seeing and feeling that marked the limits of aesthetic Dandyism. The modern artist had to enter the realm of imagination and beauty on the only ground available: the ground of pure personal experience. Baudelaire recognized this meant abandoning Dandyism for the Bohemian regions from which his other side was always in flight. In this mood Baudelaire wrote of the need to glorify the vagabond Bohemian life, celebrating it "as the cult of multiplied sensation."

Baudelaire is the paradigm case of tension between the authentic, committed artist—as distinct from Murger's amateurs—and Bohemia. Writers and painters intent on fulfilling some inner vision by realizing it in finished work have seldom failed to grasp the distinction between their lives and those who appropriate their surface and gestures for the different purpose of dramatizing ambivalence toward bourgeois life. To confuse art with the life of art is to devalue the products by dissolving them in conditions that may be necessary but are certainly not sufficient to produce them. Yet, however real the distinction between art and life may be, it is also very fragile. Baudelaire lived in Bohemia despite himself. Much of the history of modern art since his day has followed his example. Deprived of transcendence, modern art has had to nurture itself on real, subjective experience. Increasingly it has turned from a search for beauty to a confrontation with the conditions of that experience. The ideal of beauty, to which Baudelaire still held, has receded in much of the modern avant-garde he inspired, replaced by the dramatization of the conflict between art and life.

The dimensions of that conflict emerged clearly at the end of the nineteenth century. As the social and political structures of the Third Republic revealed an ability to enthrone philistinism and absorb conflict and dissent despite the moral decadence of public life, artists and political militants experienced a common attraction for extreme postures. In 1892 the symbolist poet Pierre Quillard equated art with opposition to contemporary life:

> Whoever communicates to his brothers in suffering the secret splendor of his dreams acts upon the surrounding society in the manner of a solvent and makes of all those who understand him, often without their realization, outlaws and rebels.

Such a vision gave credence and support to the position Baudelaire fought off even as he recognized its powerful appeal in Murger's example: that the artist could be identified as clearly by the lived dramatization of his antibourgeois self-consciousness as by the work he did. This image would become a central preoccupation of modernism, from Alfred Jarry through Cubism and Dada to Surrealism. The features of Bohemia that were most suspect to Baudelaire were precisely the ones that made it a breeding ground for avant-garde consciousness: once fused with life, art was free to embody the pure subjectivity that constantly corroded the objective limits of ordinary existence. This vision reached its most complete embodiment in the Surrealist insistence that the proper medium of art was life, not literature.

Almost from the start Bohemia has expanded outward from its French homeland to colonize other countries, including our own. It found its classic American expression (not its first) in Greenwich Village during the years before and after World War I, reappearing as the Beat Generation and Hippiedom in more recent times. These Bohemias, like their original archetypes, have nurtured themselves on the merger of art and life, mixing rebellion with ambition, simultaneously sponsoring real artistic vocations and appropriating the artist's image to dramatize ambivalence toward the beckoning destinies of ordinary social life. Privat's *blague* and Murger's identification of art with the liberated spontaneity of those who live in the name of it have reappeared in more recent modernist forms: action painting, pop art, minimalism. The locus of Bohemian experience may have shifted from inside the garret to *On the Road*, but its explorers have continued to be those whose literary vocations often find expression in writing about nothing else. In the twentieth century as in the nineteenth, Bohemians move in and out of political engagement, sometimes ranging themselves like Vallès behind the banner of revolt, but impelled by a commitment to individual liberation that can also send them back into political indifference or isolation.

BOHEMIA has also changed its relationship to society in our century. Its forms of life and signs of membership—hair, dress, irregular work patterns, drugs, unconventional sexual behavior—have broken free of the marginal spaces that once confined them. Increasingly they are becoming accepted features of ordinary life. That development may be taking place most rapidly in the United States, where the weight of convention and tradition is lighter than in Europe. But its effects are visible even in France, the original home of everything packed into the notion *bourgeois*. This diffusion of Bohemia into everyday life is a sign that its theater of marginality has always been a revelation of potentialities taking shape at the hidden center of modern society. In every generation the cultivation of self opens up new terrain, pushing back or circumventing the boundaries society erects to contain and limit it. Yet the demand to set limits to what individuals do in the pursuit of subjective satisfactions continually reasserts itself. Perhaps the need for Bohemia is receding now, even as the free spaces within which it originally developed grow rarer and less accessible. We may have to imagine a future without Bohemians. If so we will miss their vitality and inventiveness. And we will need some new mirror in which to explore the conditions—and the limitations—of our liberation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIP (II): From free-wheeling forum to organ of othodoxy.

THE DECLINE OF 'THE VILLAGE VOICE'

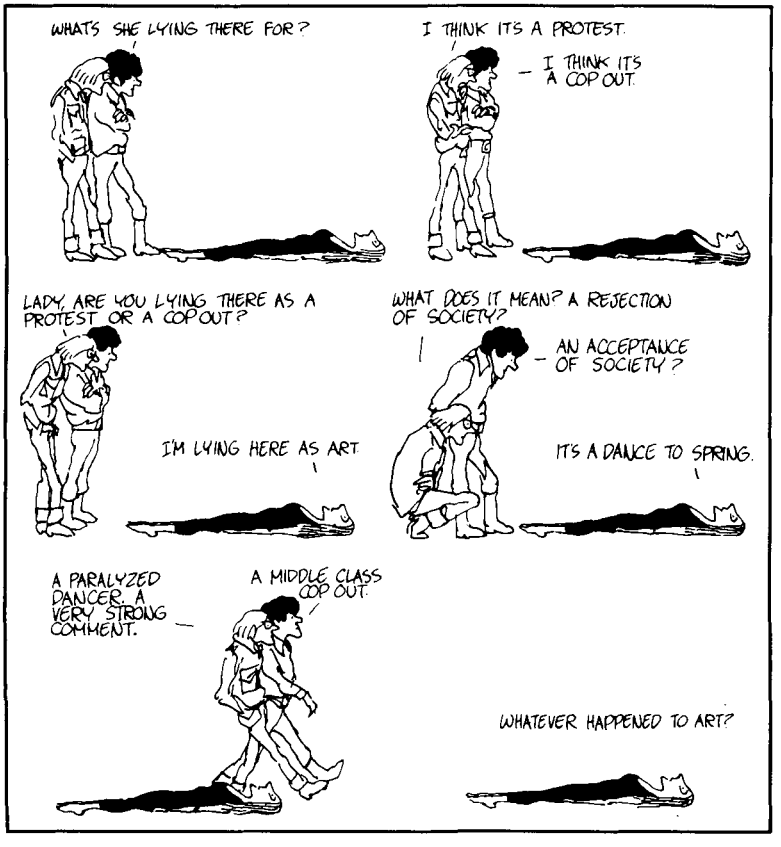
BY DAVID DENBY

Every week, about 160,000 New Yorkers, including me, stop at their newsstands to buy a paper that consists almost entirely of people taking positions for or against something. Heroically, the writers declare themselves: they are in favor of mass transit, graffiti, union dissidents, and Valium; they are against the nuclear family, PBS, and real-estate developers. They are pro-Foucault and anti-Orwell, pro-unleashed dogs and anti-nuke. They are against Women Against Pornography. Even writers planning not to take a position must announce themselves: a film critic reviewing a routine commercial entertainment proclaims his "liberal, centrist, libertarian, bourgeois, cosmopolitan, live-and-let-live constellation of political attitudes." Reading so many furious declarations leaves one feeling exhausted and not a little depressed by how easily a tone of constant moral outrage, especially outrage against corruption, can itself corrupt thought and style. "Now let me get this straight," a young staffer was heard to say a few years ago, scratching his head in puzzlement. "We're against gentrification, but we're in favor of fist-fucking?"

That paper, of course, is *The Village Voice*, the first, largest, and most successful of the "alternative weeklies," and the only mass-circulation radical publication in the country. In its twenty-seven years of existence, the *Voice* has published more than its share of provocative writing and has enjoyed periods of great influence. Fat and profitable now (earnings for 1982 were in excess of one million dollars), the *Voice* has institutionalized the bohemia it always fought for—a recent contract settlement extended health-care benefits to persons known as "spouse equivalents" (i.e. lovers, straight and gay). To crown its achievement, the paper has brought forth *The Village Voice Anthology: 1956–1980* (Morrow, 331 pp., $15.50, $7.50 paper), edited by senior editor Geoffrey Stokes. And yet, the *Voice* is in a certain amount of editorial trouble. Orthodoxy and dullness plague its once free-wheeling pages; embittered by the country's shift rightward in the late 1970s, a left forum has turned, by degrees, into a left battering ram. In its own way, the *Voice* provides an unhappy parable of the fate of utopian hopes in America.

The paper rests uneasily in the hand. Sensational yet tedious, it gives off an aura of stale menace, like a roomful of drunks clenching their drinks and shouting. With a sigh, the reader confronts the line-up of pieces: an oddly gleeful account of the latest outrages committed on the bloodied heads of New York's citizens ("Ed Koch betrayed the city he governs last Wednesday"). Yet another indignant piece about repressive America's threats to gay rights ("There is no commercial establishment in Cincinnati where men may meet to have sex"). A heart-wrenching confession: a feminist has gone to the altar and now has trouble talking to old women friends. The raising of issues better left unraised: is the remake of *The Jazz Singer* good for the Jews? Are those lesbians enjoying sado-masochistic sex acting out a ritual determined by the oppressive male patriarchy? Can a woman wearing a beard and passing as a man understand men better than beardless women? (More than 7,000 words on that one.) Do we need more data before judging the morality of man-boy love? Can a feminist be attracted to Mick Jagger? As you make your way through the paper, apocalyptic visions and fears flash by like scenes of devastation viewed from a moving train. Fascism is about to break out in America at any minute; all single people are going to be rounded up and forced to marry and live in Levittown.

In New York, brutal dismissal of the


WHAT'S SHE LYING THERE FOR?
I THINK IT'S A PROTEST.
– I THINK IT'S A COP OUT.
LADY, ARE YOU LYING THERE AS A PROTEST OR A COP OUT?
I'M LYING HERE AS ART
WHAT DOES IT MEAN? A REJECTION OF SOCIETY?
– AN ACCEPTANCE OF SOCIETY?
IT'S A DANCE TO SPRING.
A PARALYZED DANCER. A VERY STRONG COMMENT.
A MIDDLE CLASS COP OUT.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO ART?

FROM 'JULES FEIFFER'S AMERICA', REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC. © 1982 BY JULES FEIFFER.

David Denby is film critic for *New York* magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Voice has become a commonplace. And yet it has many readers, who find it hard to imagine the city without it. The *Voice* remains an authentic expression of New York sensibility—or at least of that strain of contentiousness that never lies far below the surface. Readers grow addicted to the buzz of opinion and to certain writers and features. The three *Voice* white hats, there from the beginning (or almost the beginning), are still at their best: the cartoonist Jules Feiffer (whose cartoons recently have been collected in *Jules Feiffer's America: From Eisenhower to Reagan*, edited by Steven Heller; Knopf, 254 pp., $25, $12.95 paper); the heroically persistent yet amiable promoter of the Israeli peace movement and watchdog of American civil liberties, Nat Hentoff; the equally persistent but surly scourge of city corruption, Jack Newfield. Among the newer arrivals, Alexander Cockburn, a nasty piece of work but irresistibly readable, gaily waits for capitalism to collapse and Israel to fall into the sea (more on Cockburn later). And, here and there, deep in the shadows, a few good critics quietly go about their business: J. Hoberman on the independent film scene; Roberta Smith on art; Gary Giddins on jazz; Gregory Sandow on new music; Deborah Jowitt on dance. Nearby, some pet writer natters on about music or sex or himself.

PARTLY, it's the idea of the *Voice* that holds us—the notion of a paper that will always defend the powerless, a paper that is multi-ethnic, libertarian, and bohemian in its values, intellectual yet brash, high-brow yet scholastically knowledgeable about popular culture. In the Reagan years, as other publications have passed on to less awkward matters, the *Voice* has remained honorably concerned with social justice. To its credit, it still takes on subjects that make other publications pull up their skirts and run. If the police beat defenseless black homosexuals in a gay bar, for example, the *Voice* is the only paper, apart from the gay press, to make a stink about it. It's the promise of the *Voice*—the myth of the *Voice*—that doubtless causes many readers to suffer a multitude of sins—Marxist/feminist/structuralist ideas flung down like gruel on a doss-house table, nonsense, rant, purple passages, a thousand offenses against literary tact. With a few celebrated exceptions, the house style manages to be both turgid and lurid, a difficult combination to pull off. Perhaps the style is an inevitable result of position-taking as a habit: as experience grows less important than the attitude to be taken toward it, language becomes coarse, repetitive, provincial.

The *Voice*'s city reporters, for instance, attack like bulldozers clearing a yard rather than rakes searching through muck. Not that they've operated without success. In recent years, Newfield and his soldiers have broken so many stories (corruption in the construction industry, arsenic in the paint used in low-income housing projects, etc.) that *The New York Times* has paid them the compliment of assigning ace reporter Sidney Schanberg to the same beat. Week after week, readers of the *Voice* are battered with news of bought-and-paid-for politicians, thieving landlords, imbecilic judges drooling at the bench. Out there in the city, it is all corruption, scandal, disaster. But after a while, so much anger offered with so little nuance of tone doesn't arouse, it deadens. How can anyone distinguish between the degree of evil possessed by a landlord identified as "the Green Beret of Gentrification" and a former consumer advocate now denounced as a "consumer fraud"?

OF COURSE there are plenty of occasions when *not* taking a position is simply an evasion: there can't be two sides to every issue. What wearies readers, however, is the unceasing moralism of writers demonstrating political rectitude for the benefit of friends, colleagues, and those already convinced. The ideological shaping of the *Voice*'s reporting has had a curious effect. When the paper publishes a poorly reported story, hostile outsiders will perceive, or claim to perceive, a political intention, even if nothing more than commonplace journalistic incompetence is to blame. For instance, the *Voice*'s all-out attack, last June, on the veracity of writer Jerzy Kosinski was full of holes. Like too many *Voice* pieces, the article consisted of a mass of circumstantial evidence driven forward by moral outrage and sarcasm. But *The New York Times*, in its notorious defense of Kosinski on November 7, did not attack the *Voice* on journalistic grounds. Although the *Voice* piece was primarily about the extent to which a series of freelance editors had contributed to Kosinski's books, the *Times* treated it as a political attack, chronicling the long-time effort of the Polish government to discredit Kosinski, and leaving the impression that the *Voice* had served as a dupe for Communist propaganda. This strategy, characterized as "McCarthyism" in TNR's November 29 "Notebook," would doubtless never have occurred to the *Times* editors if they hadn't thought a smear of the *Voice* would be widely believed.

In recent years, the paper has rigidified in ways that are becoming ominous. On almost every issue the earlier rambunctious, quarrelsome, wildly contrarious points of view have been replaced by a Marxist/feminist/gay orthodoxy. Some of this writing—such as essays by the gifted young intellectual historian Paul Berman—clarifies issues and provokes debate. The rest of it is threatening to turn the paper into a sexually liberated version of *New Masses*. Works of art and entertainment are not so much criticized as turned upside down and shaken to see what incriminating evidence of right-wing or anti-gay tendencies falls out. Politically "correct" judgments now dominate reviews of painting, movies, books, fashion, even restaurants. The once-proud theater department, essential to the development of Off- and Off-Off-Broadway in the 1950s and 1960s, has ossified into a stance of sullen, late-1960s, engagé experimentalism, an attitude which, needless to say, dooms the commercial theater from the start. (Compare this downtown priggishness to the flexibility of, say, Eric Bentley, whose commitment to socialism did not prevent him from enjoying *Sabrina Fair*.) Even the writers turning out rock criticism—a genre virtually invented at the *Voice*—now sound like Herbert Marcuse fed through a barrel organ.

WITH ORTHODOXY comes bad faith and humorlessness. Returning from a leave in late August, the paper's funniest, most literate, and wide-ranging writer, the politically conservative TV critic James Wolcott, was informed by the editors that his column was "lightweight," and that "other voices" were going to be alternated with his. Since it was Wolcott who had been, in recent years, the "other voice" at the paper, he understandably demurred, and took his TV column to *New York* magazine. And so the *Voice* lost perhaps the most talented writer ever generated by the paper itself. (Wolcott, who writes about books for *Harper's* and *The New York Review of Books*, started at the *Voice* as a teenager.)

The *Voice* may have represented the last flowering of the *romance* of American journalism—the ideal of the newspaper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writer as conscience and wise guy, truckling to no man. *Voice* writers were free enough to say in print what establishment journalists might say, after a few drinks, only to each other. The cynicism and outrage were out in the open, expressed without euphemism, gentility, evasion. And to their candor *Voice* writers added a special New York tone: a love of tawdry pleasures, an aesthetic of disorder and funk, an appreciation of people peculiarly at home in the most extreme and fantastic of all cities—criminals, cranks, dopers, artists, pols, and reformers. In its pages, the bag lady and the dominatrix found a champion along with painters, feminists, and radicals. At their best, *Voice* writers have been proudly disreputable—close enough to their own appetites and desires to write without the self-consciousness that strangles so many journalists.

EVERYONE IS NOW a little bored with personal journalism, or New Journalism, but for a while there, back in the 1960s and early 1970s, the front-page style taught at j-schools across the country was given a healthy shake. In a confrontational age, in which everyone, willing or not, was an interested party, *Voice* reporters, openly subjective to begin with, often brought themselves into their own stories as active figures. If the paper produced no one as exciting as Hunter S. Thompson (a writer too nihilistic, I would guess, for the ameliorative stance of the *Voice*), it did develop a formidable group of reporters, including Ron Rosenbaum, Clark Whelton, Paul Cowan, Arthur Bell, Lucian K. Truscott IV, and, later on, Teresa Carpenter and Mark Jacobson. To judge from the selections in the Stokes anthology, the strategy of self-acknowledgement works best when something actually happens to the reporter. In "The Grand Central Riot: Yippies Meet the Man," from 1968, the immensely talented Don McNeil, who drowned later that year at the age of 23, covers a "police riot" at Grand Central Station. Charging around from one spot to another, McNeil hits the personal-journalism jackpot (the police clobbered him), but his compositional poise remains unshakable.

Reporters who thought they could easily write about themselves when nothing much had happened only exposed their ignorance of composing a literary self; they also forgot that to observe one must, at some level, approach the world unwary, and with modesty. As the 1960s gave way to the 1970s, and political energies (except for the women's movement and gay liberation) began to recede, the *Voice* reporter as character began to block the view; even worse, he *became* the view —the self-acknowledging journalist degenerated into the confessional journalist. Since this sort of piece, first developed by the *Voice*, has become a national bore, it might be worth examining one of them. In "A Ride on the New York Subway," written in 1972, and included in the anthology, Vivian Gornick relates a nightmare with a happy ending.

> Not too long ago, I found myself for the first time in more than ten years on the Times Square station of the IRT subway, in the midst of the grueling workday rush hour. . . . I was the only white person on the platform. All around me were New York's working-class blacks and Puerto Ricans, pouring down onto the wide, gloomy subway platform from the offices and factories that filled the streets above our heads. . . . Faces were closed, sullen, expressionless; eyes were dead, vacant, staring; limbs folded and inert. . . . A sense of dread began to leak through me.

A young black addict moves toward her, and she flinches, almost in a panic. "Dear God, I thought, who *are* these people?" Dismayed by what seem to be racist fears, she suddenly has a startling thought:

> Twenty-five years ago these subways were filled with working-class Jews, and my father was one of them. . . . And I remember now. . . . a day on the subway when I hung from the strap, my City College books under my free arm, surrounded by Jews of all sizes and shapes . . . and a tall slim man with blue eyes and straight blond hair stood at the far end of the car, staring unashamedly at us—exactly as though we were animals in a zoo.

She feels a flood of relief because she realizes that what she is experiencing is not racism but "a classic case of 'class alienation'. . . . How was it possible that in only one short generation I had forgotten who I was, and where I came from?" An older black man saves her from the addict's attentions, and the nightmare dissolves into new feelings of human solidarity.

Vivian Gornick's candor in admitting her fears is admirable, but the rest of this stuff could provide material for the familiar game, "What's wrong with this picture?" Any New York child could play it. For starters: 1) Rush-hour crowds at the Times Square station include plenty of whites—office workers, executives, students heading for Columbia or City College; 2) the time to be frightened in the subway is not rush hour but 3 a.m., when

"Must reading for anyone concerned with the freedom of women!"

—Jennifer Roback
Yale University

Here at last is a much-needed challenge to contemporary feminist orthodoxy. Wendy McElroy has assembled a powerful collection of individualist-feminist writings which chronicle the anti-statist heritage of the feminist movement. Feminist writers from abolitionism to the present day argue that it is government that has prevented women from achieving freedom and equal rights. This lively and fascinating anthology is certain to provoke controversy and debate with its call for a new direction for the modern feminist movement. **$7.95, 357 pages.**

"No one who reads this volume can ever doubt again that women have been oppressed by the state powers of the day."

—Anne B. Zill
Director, Women's Campaign Fund

FREEDOM, FEMINISM, AND THE STATE
Edited by Wendy McElroy
Foreword by Lewis Perry

Please enclose payment with your order. Return to:
Cato Institute, Dept. NR, 224 Second St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003

CATO INSTITUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the platform is empty and three teenagers come down the stairs; 3) WASPs may once have looked at Jews with loathing, but it's doubtful that they looked at them with fear, which is the predominant emotion Gornick felt. Gornick destroys a valuable mini-confession with melodrama and false nobility.

I'm catching her up on the details only to make a point about bad confessional writers (the *Voice* is full of them): they've got their eye on the effect they're making, not on the experience they're describing. Far too often they confess something only to make us admire their anguish, their courage, their honesty; or they squeeze a little bit of experience until it's dry, hoping to make it yield up some grand historical truth. In recent years, the notion has taken hold at the *Voice* that only a confession guarantees personal authenticity. People confess to the damnedest things, and for the damnedest reasons. Amiri Baraka confesses to anti-Semitism in a piece that turns out to be a *celebration* of anti-Semitism as a way station along the route to higher consciousness; senior associate editor Jan Hoffman, covering the Radical Humor conference last May, confesses that she likes to laugh; film critic Andrew Sarris, who regularly dredges up the most trivial events in his career as if they were dynamite, writes a violent attack on *New Yorker* colleague Pauline Kael in which the crowning blow is that Kael lacks "confessional candor"—Sarris failing to realize that Kael, like any good critic, inevitably reveals herself in every description and evaluation she writes and has no need to hang up her underwear in print.

FOUNDED in October, 1955, by Dan Wolf (editor), an occasional writer and contributor to encyclopedias, and Ed Fancher (publisher), a therapist with a small inheritance to squander, the *Voice* emerged from the 1950s Village of espresso bars and folk clubs, Reform Democrats and Beats, homosexuals and bohemians, old socialists and young escapees from McCarthyism and conformity. From the start, the paper was quarrelsome and contentious—Norman Mailer, one of the original backers, wrote a column for a while in which he regularly attacked the paper and its editors, thus initiating a proud *Voice* tradition of intramural bickering. Even in the low-circulation early years, some big victories were won—against Robert Moses's plans for a Lower Manhattan Expressway, which would have destroyed the Village; against the quintessential villain of the period, the corrupt political boss Carmine G. DeSapio, who virtually ruled the state Democratic Party from his Village Tammany stronghold.

The paper wasn't so much leftist as bohemian and anti-establishment; among its writers were Marxists, pacifists, civil libertarians, idiosyncratic right-wingers. Dan Wolf, the most indulgent of editors, was known as a man with a genius for taking a self-dissatisfied failure or journalistic misfit and turning him into a good writer. By the 1960s Wolf's outsiders and misfits had become insiders. In that decade, the paper rode the whirlwind, becoming as central to the times as *Vanity Fair* to the 1920s or *Life* to the 1950s. Unwilling to separate politics from utopian hopes—from pleasure—*Voice* writers fused the counterculture and left insurgency; they proposed an activity that now seems a little bizarre—ridiculing, correcting, and reformulating the country's political culture according to aesthetic ideals. It was a dark time in many ways, but the paper was in good humor. An unmistakable sign of its strength: having generated a great many of the ruling cultural ideas of the 1960s, the *Voice* also initiated the resistance to 1960s culture. The harshly skeptical and cranky New York tone never disappeared. Alone among the alternative papers (by this time there were many imitators), the *Voice* expressed disdain for the new mass self-righteousness of "youth," disdain for the ritual baiting of guilty white liberals by black spokesmen; the paper reported plainly the true horror of the drug-doomed "love community," the East Village.

Abruptly, in 1974, the brilliant amateurism came to an end: the *Voice* was merged with the New York Magazine Company; Clay Felker, *New York*'s founding editor, took over, and for a while the emphasis was on slick packaging, sensational headlines, star profiles, and gossip. But the more recalcitrant staffers fought Felker at every turn, wearing him down, and the paper began to return to its traditional subjects. In 1977 Rupert Murdoch wrested control of the New York Magazine Co. from Felker and his partners; since then, he has appointed a new editor (David Schneiderman, formerly of the *Times*), and has, by all accounts, left the paper alone.

Through 1977 and 1978, the *Voice* was still lively and unpredictable, but in 1979 signs of the current malaise began to surface. In the issue of June 25, 1979, Jules Feiffer published a cartoon strip in which a distraught Archie Bunker-type bigot complains, "I can't say 'fag' anymore. . . . I can't say 'dyke' anymore. . . ." The last two panels read: "I can take only so much tolerance. . . . I'm going back to 'nigger.'" The cartoon's meaning was obvious enough: insecure people will feel that by being tolerant they are giving something up. The most pervasive form of bigotry, racism, was now back in fashion; blacks, the group that had fought for liberation before women and gays, had wound up, in the late 1970s, gaining the least. Nevertheless, there appeared in the same issue a letter signed by many of the top *Voice* editors and contributors announcing their decision

> to dissociate ourselves from the Jules Feiffer cartoon in this issue which ends with the racial slur 'nigger.' Whatever its intentions, the cartoon plays into, and not off, a reactionary sensibility. We find it not only offensive but far from funny and not in the least illuminating.

THE FOLLOWING week, in a piece headlined "The Thought Police at *The Village Voice*," Nat Hentoff wrote that in recent years two informal factions had grown up at the paper—those who thought that readers could be trusted to make up their own minds and who therefore supported the traditional *Voice* blend of "many perspectives and no restrictions on ideas," and those attempting to force a " 'correct' line in all things, including language." And Hentoff described something that had happened the year before. A free-lance writer, a woman, had submitted a piece critical of the way the concentration of gays on Christopher Street—the main cruising area in the Village—had changed a pleasant neighborhood enclave into a sex-for-rent slum; a *Voice* senior editor had leaked the unpublished piece to gay activists and members of the gay press. After being harassed on the telephone, the writer had withdrawn the article. She now says that when she offered to resubmit it the following year, she received a letter from the new editor-in-chief (Schneiderman) refusing to consider the piece on the grounds that it divided the paper's staff into warring camps. A weaker version of the same piece, by another writer, appeared a few years later, but the damage had been done.

A vigorous political debate (one of the few in recent years) followed Hentoff's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piece, but it soon became apparent that the point of view expressed in that staff letter had prevailed. That same summer of 1979, Arthur Bell, who covers show business as well as the gay scene, urged his readers to disrupt the filming of William Friedkin's *Cruising*—a thriller about gay murders set in Village S & M bars—on the grounds that it "may well send gays running back into the closet and precipitate heavy violence against homosexuals." The street crowds produced by Bell's article and subsequent meetings disrupted the production for two or three nights—not enough to stop it cold but enough to add to the general incoherence and half-heartedness of the project. A year later, "Artbeat" columnist Richard Goldstein, who once lodged baseless charges of anti-Semitism against the movie *Hearts of the West*, urged protests by the Hispanic community against *Fort Apache, the Bronx*. (Hentoff, in his own column, advised all parties to cool it.) If America's premier libertarian paper came close to losing its soul in all this, such are the inevitable results of viewing the arts as a completely politicized means of expression. If a word in a cartoon or an image in a movie is as powerful and unambiguous as an act of Congress, then why not try to inderdict word and image?

RESPONDING to Hentoff's "Thought Police" article, Alexander Cockburn set out the new ethos in characteristically gentle fashion:

> I have never particularly believed that the reader is to be trusted to make up his own mind, as Hentoff suggests, and have consistently held that only a firestorm of agitprop has the slightest chance of blasting through the thickets of prejudice and ignorance that is often venerated as the gray matter of the common reader. . . .

Cockburn, 41, born in Scotland, educated at Oxford, is something of an oddity on the left. One's first and truest reaction to him is that he writes like a Tory—a bit like the amusingly heartless Auberon Waugh and the other reactionary wits at the *Spectator*. Cockburn's gifts—a talent for savage ridicule and satire, a truly elegant swiftness and urgency—are rarely found among radical critics and pundits in this country, who, generally earnest as oatmeal, become obsessed with reaching and arousing Everyman. (The late Dwight Macdonald and the majestically ruminative Murray Kempton are obvious exceptions.) Despite Cockburn's candid remarks on how to command the "common reader," his ironies and balanced clauses are not directed at purchasers of the *New York Post* or the *Daily News*. It's touching that he should lose no opportunity to revile British snobbery, since the self-assurance of his style, a club manner going back to the eighteenth century, is quintessentially the product of a class society. Like any satirist, he presupposes an audience that instinctively shares his values—in his case, loathing of capitalism, the United States, Israel, social democrats everywhere, *The New York Times*, and THE NEW REPUBLIC, combined with admiration for the P.L.O. and extreme tolerance of the Soviet Union.

He is a talented, despicable writer who enjoys vicious teasing as a kind of journalistic blood sport—perhaps the perfect writer for a period of low activity on the left. Keeping his own hopes hidden, and thus avoiding ridicule himself, he provides entertainment for the disappointed, bored, hopelessly alienated veterans of the 1960s. In his "Press Clips" column, he has often scored off the stuffiness and vanity of the big media, though he can't compare as a press critic to A. J. Liebling, whose conceits and strategies he has borrowed more than once.

Cockburn's debonair-heel routine reaches its greatest heights of audacity when he dismisses international terrorism or the threat of the Soviet Army as mere figments of right-wing hysteria. Confronted with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Cockburn, raising his sherry glass, twits those people silly enough to get outraged by something happening within the Soviet sphere of influence, and dismisses the Afghans as backward tribesmen.

Norman Podhoretz has made Cockburn happy by insisting in the September *Commentary* that Cockburn's columns "have set a new standard of gutter journalism in this country" (a line that now flies as a proud banner over the "Press Clips" column). Writing in the *Voice* in June and July, 1981, Jack Newfield scored more heavily by detailing at length Cockburn's double moral standard—his outrage over human rights violations by the West and Israel combined with indifference to similar crimes committed by the P.L.O., the Arab League nations, the Soviet Union, the third world in general. It's hard to say what effect Cockburn has had on the *Voice*. One would certainly have expected the revolt of the Polish workers—democratic, nonviolent, socialist—to have

Walk through the most historic and enchanting neighborhoods of the world's great cities with these new, discriminating guides, and read about architecture, history, the arts, food, and much more . . .

"These are guidebooks for people who hate guidebooks: people who have been patronized by Fielding, bored by Fodor, exhausted by Baedeker, and dizzied by miniscule symbols and arcane abbreviations in the Michelins."
—Los Angeles Times

Each volume includes:
Visitor Information and Advice • Photos • Maps • Chronology
List of Selected Restaurants and Shops • Index

Available in paperback and hardcover at your bookstore, or from the publisher, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Trade Sales Dept., 521 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10175

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roused the paper's staff to exultation, but Cockburn and his associate, James Ridgeway, far more interested in the embarrassments of capitalism than rebellions against Communist order, offered no more than a passing nod of approval. Apart from film critic J. Hoberman, *Voice* staffers had very little to say about Solidarity, but Cockburn's influence may not be the reason. The Polish workers, with their almost incredible fervor, rectitude, and modesty, may simply not have appealed to a paper eager to celebrate alternative "life-styles." When the revolution finally happened on the left, the *Voice* shrugged its shoulders.

IN THE FALL of 1968, New York's attempt at school decentralization broke down over the issue of "community control" of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district of Brooklyn. During the teachers' strike that followed, the *Voice* published a vigorous debate between Nat Hentoff, taking the community side, and Michael Harrington, who supported the teachers. In those days, editors, writers, and readers apparently shared the assumption that the ideas of the left would be sympathetically questioned and criticized as well as expounded and defended in the *Voice*. That ideal is now virtually dead. The new understanding seems to be that the threat of the New Right has made it dangerous to publish anything except an occasional piece—and then only on a marginal issue (should feminists fight pornography?)—that could conceivably hurt the interests of gays, blacks, feminists, the freeze movement, third world countries, etc. As a result, the paper rarely analyzes political splits within these groups—something it could do with great sympathy.

If the New Right accomplishes nothing else, it will have succeeded in making a great newspaper boring. For instance, if the paper could find a way of writing about racial fear and crime, from both the black and white point of view (and without the hysteria of Gornick's descent to the subway), it might begin to take discussion of the issue away from right-wing politicians, who know well enough how to exploit panic and ignorance.

Gays are regularly treated by the paper as an oppressed, quasi-revolutionary class of outsiders. Only the recent appearance in the gay community of a series of mysterious diseases—known under the rubric of "Acquired Immunological Deficiency Syndrome (A.I.D.S.)"—has forced a more sober tone on the *Voice*'s coverage. A remarkable recent article by a man with A.I.D.S., *Inquiry* film critic Stephen Harvey, made full use of the *Voice*'s resources of candor. In general, however, one is more likely to find an anguished confessional piece by a persecuted gay kibbutznik than anything so straightforwardly intelligent as the interview given by the distinguished gay novelist and essayist Edmund White in the October 12, 1982 Boston *Phoenix*. White ruefully acknowledged that the results of gay liberation have "turned out to be not . . . a kind of permanent revolution or wonderful unleashing of anarchic power, but in fact a dreary consumerism of the most banal and conformist sort . . . ," and White wondered whether the attack on the institution of the family by gay and feminist theoreticians was such a good idea after all.

No such doubts are likely to wind up in the *Voice*. After all, why give Senator Helms and Anita Bryant something they might use? But once a libertarian paper begins thinking like that, it has thrown in the towel. The *Voice* will always be a radical paper—it must be, or it will serve no function. Faithful *Voice* readers wouldn't want it any other way. But some of us wish we could open the paper and be surprised again.

THE MODEL OF MUGWUMPERY

Thomas E. Dewey and His Times by Richard Norton Smith

(Simon and Schuster, 672 pp., $22.50)

"A man who wishes to make a profession of goodness in everything," wrote Machiavelli in *The Prince*, "must necessarily come to grief among so many who are not good." Thomas E. Dewey, Republican crown prince of the 1940s, was a consummate goody-goody. Not once was he either late or absent during his twelve school years in Owosso, Michigan. He swatted flies with a delicately calculated blow, sufficient to stun the insects without smearing the wallpaper. He kept his desk eternally tidy, adorned only with a mail folder, a decorative elephant, four pencils sharpened to precisely the same length, and a thermos of cold water to quench his three quarts-a-day habit. On prison inspection tours while governor of New York, he cleansed doorknobs with a handkerchief before touching them with his hand. He was the sort of man, Richard Norton Smith notes, who would say to a friend with a hangover, "I told you so."

Dewey's voice coach saw the problematic character of this prim personality when he observed that his 22-year-old pupil sang "too intelligently," with more precision than feeling. That criticism understandably soured Dewey on his anticipated singing career. He turned instead to politics, where he counted on the keen qualities of his mind to outweigh the apparent deficiencies of his spirit.

Others before Dewey had embraced the illusory hope that American politics might be a realm of rationality. Rebeling against the excesses of the machine system, his liberal Republican forebears in the 1880s had promoted the recruitment of the "best men" into public life as the cure for the Republic's ills. Their critics coined a word to describe this strategem: Mugwumpery, a term unique to the American political lexicon, denoting the distinctively American assumption that social and political problems can be reduced to questions of personal morality and character. Mugwumps believed, someone once sneered, that the way to reform the bawdy houses was to replace the prostitutes with virgins. Dewey was the model of modern Mugwumpery. He represented the abiding faith that intelligence and probity were the necessary and fully sufficient attributes of political leadership.

He had both qualities in abundance. After graduating from law school at Columbia in the distinguished class of 1925 (his classmates included Paul Robeson and William O. Douglas), he worked for a series of high-powered New York law firms until he was named an assistant United States attorney for the Southern District of New York in 1931. His boss, George Z. Medalie, was so impressed with his young associate's prosecutorial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skills that he helped arrange for Dewey to succeed him in 1933. Then 31-years-old, Dewey was the youngest man ever to hold the title. Already a certified boy wonder, he was on the threshold of a brilliant career as a crusader against New York's fetid Depression-era underworld. He returned briefly to private practice the following year, hoping "to make a hell of a lot of money," but when in 1935 a grand jury probing New York's vicious policy rackets called for the appointment of a special prosecutor, the natural choice was "a young squirt named Dewey."

FOR THE NEXT several years, first as special prosecutor and later as the elected district attorney for Manhattan, Dewey dazzled the entire country with the high drama of his gangbusting. He corralled petty criminals like "Jimmy Douchbag" and the hapless hooker Cokey Flo Brown. He pursued the dark lords of Murder, Inc. Most notoriously, he bagged Lucky Luciano, the shadowy emperor of a vast domain of vice. Dewey was among the first lawmen to recognize the extent and the sophistication of organized crime, and he adopted commensurately sophisticated techniques to combat it. Adding his own formidable courtroom prowess to imaginative investigative leg-work, Dewey scored stunning successes against previously unconvictable crooks, to the applause of an appreciative nation. And in all of this dirty business, where men less upright than he had frequently faltered, he was not marked by the slightest stain of scandal.

The young prosecutor was no crudely doctrinaire crime-controller. He consistently preached that the best remedy for crime was the creation of a more just society, where hunger and unemployment did not tempt weak human flesh. He dealt leniently with first offenders, advocated special courts that would impose punishment other than imprisonment on young criminals, and urged the creation of a Voluntary Defender program to furnish legal services to the poor. These liberal ideas about crime accurately foreshadowed the tenor of Dewey's views on a wide variety of subjects when he entered a larger political arena.

He wasted no time making that entrance. He narrowly missed being elected governor of New York in 1938, and in 1940, as Harold Ickes impishly put it, Dewey threw his diaper into the ring for the Republican Presidential nomination, which ultimately went to Wendell Willkie. In 1942, barely 40 years old, he won the New York governorship. That prize came to him even earlier in life than it had to his boyhood hero, Theodore Roosevelt, also a famous crimefighter as New York Police Commissioner in the 1890s. Dewey clearly hoped to follow Roosevelt's footsteps all the way through Albany to Washington, D.C. He repeatedly failed in that attempt, once against Franklin Roosevelt in 1944, and, most famously, against Harry Truman in 1948. Denied that office, the one-time wunderkind had to content himself with being "America's youngest elder statesman." He helped to engineer Eisenhower's election in 1952, advised later Presidents of both parties, and declined offers in his final years to be appointed Ambassador to Great Britain or Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Not least, he served three terms as governor of New York, where he compiled a praiseworthy record of governmental efficiency, creative planning for postwar economic reconversion, and pioneering civil rights initiatives.

Despite the different endings to their stories, Smith emphasizes the similarities between Dewey and Theodore Roosevelt. Both men had meteoric careers, crowned with the achievement of high political office at a youthful age. Both believed in the necessity of modifying the ancient American credo of laissez-faire to make way for a modern government that would actively guide the economy. Both believed in the historical necessity of the welfare state. ("Anybody who thinks that an attack on the fundamental idea of security and welfare is appealing to people generally is living in the Middle Ages," Dewey declared.) Both were committed internationalists. And both did long and bitter battle for these convictions against their conservative Republican colleagues.

But there, surely, the comparison stops. The gift of the gods to Roosevelt, it was often said, was an ebullient, irrepressible joy in life. The "Roughrider," Lincoln Steffens once remarked, "thought with his hips." He quickened the public pulse and used the "bully pulpit" of the Presidency to electrify and inspire Americans. A Dewey speech, by contrast, was usually a cerebral and dreary affair. Richard Rovere described Dewey's appearances at political rallies during the ill-starred Presidential campaign of 1948: "he comes out like a man who has been mounted on casters and given a tremendous shove from behind."

Richard Norton Smith admires Dewey, and has devoted enormous effort to recreating his life in rich detail. His research has been so awesomely extensive that it sometimes overwhelms him, a sense of economy forming no part of Smith's literary technique. He recounts a wealth of fetching anecdotes, but also dwells at irrelevant length on the early history of Tammany Hall, rides unbridled into an account of how Lowell Thomas developed the area where Dewey eventually bought a farm, and

TWO HOPPERS

On Display at the National Gallery

The smaller, older *Girl at a Sewing Machine*
shows her, pale profile obscured by her hair,
at work beneath an orange wall while sky

in pure blue pillars stands in a window bay.
She is alone and silent. The heroine
of *Hotel Room*, down to her slip, gazes

at a letter unfolded upon her naked knees.
Her eyes and face are in shadow. The day
rumbles with invisible traffic outside

this room where a wall is yellow, where
a bureau blocks our way with brown and luggage
stands in wait of its unpacking near

a green armchair: sun-wearied, Thirties plush.
We have been here before. The slanting light,
the woman alone and held amid the planes

of paint by some mysterious witness we're
invited to breath beside. The sewing girl,
the letter. Hopper is saying, *I am Vermeer.*

JOHN UPDIKE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scatters everywhere a surfeit of distracting trivia—such as Dewey's autopsy number. Yet despite these infelicities this is an energetic, eminently readable book that colorfully illuminates the stage across which the drama of Dewey's life unfolded.

For all Smith's conscientious efforts, his hero rolls mechanically through the pages of this biography, still the well-starched and unrumpled mannequin that he was on the campaign trail in 1948. Smith tells more than most readers will want to know about the exterior of Dewey's life, but he does not dispel the suspicion that Dewey had very little interior, dark or otherwise, to explore.

The public's perception of that inner void probably contributed to Dewey's failure to win the Presidency. He really stood no chance against "the champ," Franklin D. Roosevelt, in 1944, but he was such an odds-on favorite against the beleaguered Truman in 1948 that his defeat has been an enduring puzzle for political analysts. Dewey was wedged in 1948 between the proverbial rock and a hard place. Truman shrewdly linked him to the Republican 80th Congress, which appeared bent on repealing New Deal programs, especially farm price supports. This was effective, though somewhat unfair, since Dewey defined himself as a "New Deal Republican," and in some respects had liberal credentials that were superior to Truman's. But he proved unable to disassociate himself from the conservative Congress, and equally unable, paradoxically, to distinguish himself ideologically from his opponent.

DEWEY could have escaped from this dilemma only by the forceful display of a distinctive personality. Unfortunately for his cause, he was constitutionally incapable of appearing other than aloof and dignified, the reasonable Mugwump calmly awaiting his destined victory. He was touted as "America's greatest administrator," but the public hungered for redder meat. "In politics, beyond organization," Dorothy Thompson observed of Dewey in 1948,

> it is understanding that makes for memorable careers, and there is more to understanding than the ability to pick up the best experts to give the best advice. There are imponderables by which greater leadership weathers storms, compounded of sympathy with human feelings, humor, compassion, friendship, loyalty—qualities which evoke affection and faith, which is different from confidence.

A majority of Americans evidently agreed with this assessment in 1948, preferring the feisty and colorful Truman to the lackluster master manager.

Perhaps this longing for charismatic leadership is a sign of continuing political immaturity, but it is a fact of political life, as Machiavelli noted. "It is necessary for a prince," he wrote, "to possess the friendship of the people; otherwise he has no resource in times of adversity." Thomas Dewey possessed many gifts, but that priceless one forever eluded him. "He really wasn't geared to our political system," according to his friend Herbert Brownell, and Smith concludes that Dewey had "a temperament too rational for politics." To the extent they are right, Dewey's failure to win the Presidency may tell us much about the inherent limitations of our political culture.

DAVID M. KENNEDY

David M. Kennedy is professor of history and associate dean of the School of Humanities and Sciences at Stanford University. He is the author, most recently, of *Over Here: The First World War and American Society* (Oxford University Press).

AN AMERICAN LYRICIST

This Journey by James Wright

(Random House, 91 pp., $10.50, $5.95 paper)

Two years after James Wright's early death from cancer, it has not gotten any easier to estimate his ultimate place in American poetry. He was a poet of emotional extremes. Certain of his feelings—his overflowing compassion, and his lifelong loving preoccupations with his working-class origins—appealed to readers so strongly as to rule out a purely aesthetic judgment. At the same time, Wright was an exceedingly private poet, whose impulse was often to protect the object of his feeling even against the intrusion of his own words ("I never touched a blue spruce before the moon came, for fear it would say something in a false voice. You can only hear a spruce tree speak in its own silence"). He probably changed the possibilities of American poetry more than any other poet of his generation except Ashbery and Ginsberg. The style which he, and his friend Robert Bly, invented—at once emotionalist and secretive, with its simple sentences, forbidden nineteenth-century words like "lovely," and opalescent, mysterious nature imagery—became for more than a decade the dominant mode of the American brief lyric. Yet it remains a conspicuously mannered style, derived neither from speech nor from traditionally fluent writing. Poignant though it can be, it is perhaps too limiting, in its exclusion of complex thought and resonant music, to yield poetry of the very greatest impact. Wright himself—though showered with easy and, often, implicitly anti-intellectual praise—continued, rather endearingly, to suggest that, judged by the standards of the dead poets he loved best, he was "minor."

He also continued to change, in a way that makes one think of Yeats, Eliot, Lowell—poets not at all "minor" in their ambitions. In *Two Citizens* (1973), he largely turned away from the imagistic, to make poetry out of the inarticulate violence of American masculine speech when it tries to deal with intense emotion. It was a confusing, disquieting kind of poetry. The poet's feelings seemed to veer to opposite extremes from line to line, or to protect themselves behind inscrutable sarcasms. The stories half-disclosed in the poems were usually rather nasty ones, and the reader was somehow treated as if—simply by being an American—he already knew them. The book, like many genuinely experimental ones, was not a great success; its critics often could not see past the surface inarticulateness. Wright appears to have been deeply affected by such criticism, as sensitive poets often are. When a younger poet who admired *Two Citizens* asked him, after a reading, why he had not read from it, he replied curtly, "That book was a mistake." And in his next book, *To a Blossoming Pear Tree*, he often seemed to be ironing out the new style's subtlety

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

along with its prickliness, while remaining indulgent toward its worst real fault, the Hemingwayesque mannerism of sentimental toughness.

Wright's posthumous volume, *This Journey*, is a much better book than *To a Blossoming Pear Tree*, though there is no return to the drastic originality of *Two Citizens*. *This Journey* is probably the least mannered of any of Wright's books. Something happened to the poet in the advance aura of his dying (as it happened to Williams, to Roethke, to Lowell) to produce both an unusual transparency toward the world as it is, and an unprecedented power of direct statement:

> Here,
> Just as in the airless corner
> Of the barn over the hill
> The disinfected hooks stand arranged
> Along one wall at head height,
> Where the farmer has screwed them in;
> Just there where he'd hung them after he'd finished
> Dusting out the doorway, hopelessly scattering
> Stray wheat beards, tiny dry blossoms of hay,
> Mouse droppings, cow pies jagged and cruel
> As old gravestones knocked down and scarred faceless;
> And just as the meat hooks, gleaming softly, hold
> Long sidemeat crusted with salt and the dull hams
> Gone rigid with smoke,
> And the hooks creak as the meat sags, just so
> My bones sag and hold up
> The flesh of my body.

Never before had he spent so much poetic time calmly looking at things, without making them preternaturally "lovely" or sad; the final application to himself seems all the more felt for that reason.

The themes of *This Journey* are familiar ones, love and loss—but lifted, now, to an almost abstract level. Wright's was a mind terribly open to the sense that the universe is an unfeeling place and destroys everything in the end; yet he had unusual, sly gifts of righting himself, of feeling, without metaphysical props, that the love of person, place, or thing justifies itself while we live in a way that is unanswerable because unquestionable. We can follow the whole movement toward self-consolation in the "The Vestal in the Forum." The poem begins with

> the impersonal hatred that the cold
> Wind seems to feel
> When it slips fingers into the flaws
> Of lovely things men made . . .

Even what seems comforting can become, with a shift in the emotional wind, terrible. "Not a spring passes but the roses/Grow stronger in their support of the wind"; and it takes a minute to realize that "support" does not mean *endure* the wind, but *abet* its destructive power. But in the end, loss itself becomes a mode of more definite recognition, possession. As the statue erodes,

> her very haggardness
> Amazes me. A dissolving
> Stone, she seems to change from stone to something
> Frail, to someone I can know, someone
> I can almost name.

Other poems that display this peculiar mode of inner recovery—they tend to be the best—are "Coming Home to Maui," "To the Cicada," "Fresh Wind in Venice," "A Flower Passage," "Leaving the Temple in Nîmes," and "A Winter Daybreak Above Venice." This emotional tone is in all of Wright's books; but here—perhaps by attaching it to more impersonal subjects, perhaps by writing more calmly—he seems to have distilled it to an essential clarity.

For that reason, *This Journey* might be a good place for the uninitiated reader to begin with Wright—and then work back into the labyrinth of intention, risk, and talent in the earlier books. It is also a good place to see what a remarkable ear Wright had, even though for a while he almost worked to suppress it, in the grammatically determined free verse linebreaking he shared with Bly. (Perhaps he suppressed it because his early formal work, like the formal work of his great teacher Roethke, was often rather swamped in melody.) Listen, for example, carefully to the last stanza of "My Notebook":

> Streaked in a green stain,
> An insect had flown in,
> Quiet on the white leaf, paying
> My name no mind.

These aren't the most remarkable lines in *This Journey* for what they say; but one can listen almost forever to the off-rhymes, the wave-like lapping of long and short vowels against the dominant *n*. Lyricism of this order can still be "minor" poetry, but it is not likely to be forgotten.

ALAN WILLIAMSON

Alan Williamson's book of poems, *Presence*, will be published in February by Knopf.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

terms"; Paul Elmer More professing the sanctity of private property as the necessary ground for man's spiritual, moral, and aesthetic development. The "custodians of culture" will continue to slap down their inevitable successors, hunting for insidious connections between their "lack of standards" their immorality, and their politics.

RICHARD M. COOK
St. Louis, Missouri

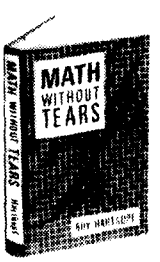
GANDHI'S LEGACY

To the editors:

Stanley Kauffmann's review of Richard Attenborough's *Gandhi* (TNR, December 13, 1982) was honest-minded, clear-eyed, earnest-hearted. Yet he assesses Gandhi's life as "a bitter story" and "unexemplary." Whose life then left us the legacy of disciplined nonviolent protest, inspired our own civil rights movement, antiwar movement, even the current interest in simpler living? Whose existence has vivified countless existences, including my own, spun around years ago by this man and faced in a new direction? Can Gandhi's life be accurately measured without granting the primacy of his central dimension, his end purpose? "What I have been striving and pining to achieve . . . is self-realization . . . to attain liberation. I live and move and have my being in pursuit of this goal . . . all my ventures in the political field are directed to this same end." This is his restatement of the Perennial Philosophy, the quintessential human insight that rises, despite all the pressures to denigrate it: that a spiritual reality encompasses, and transcends social and material contingency. Mr. Kauffmann sees that Gandhi could not lose because he had invested all his being in his beliefs. And the rest of us—to the degree we

continued on page 38

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



Using non-technical language and a light touch Roy Harthopf gives you a basic understanding of many everyday applications of mathematics. He takes the reader from simple counting to trigonometry and calculus, emphasizing the practical aspects of math. Humorously written.

Learn math in the comfort of your own home at minimum cost.

Order now: $11.95 plus $1.25 hdlg.
EMERSON BOOKS, INC.
Dept. NR-17 Verplanck, NY 10596
10 Day Money Back Guarantee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 37*

invest our beings in our beliefs—can't lose either. Mr. Kauffman may not yet share Gandhi's unshakable conviction that spiritual truth is more palpable than material fact. He will on his deathbed.

ROBERT GRANT
Dixon, New Mexico

GENERAL SHAZLY REPLIES

To the editors:

David Pryce-Jones's article, "Pretender to the Gun" (TNR, December 9, 1981), does me grave injustice on several points.

1) *It is not true that "to eliminate* President Anwar Sadat and take his place" is or has been my "one and only ambition." I have never had any particular ambition to take power for myself. As one of the leaders of the Egyptian National Front, whose main goal is to see a truly democratic government established for the Egyptian nation, I do believe that achievement of that goal necessarily requires the reform or removal of the present regime.

2) Pryce-Jones directly substituted the word "murdered" for "toppled" in paraphrasing my interview with Hirst as published in *The Guardian*. Hirst had correctly quoted me as saying, "After Sadat is toppled we just want to ask the Egyptian people what they really want—in a free election." Pryce-Jones's paraphrase was "Once Sadat was murdered, the general added, it would be up to the Egyptians to decide. . . ." The Hirst interview was before Sadat's assassination, your article afterward. In those circumstances the word substitution makes me seem to have been planning a murder that later occurred. Pryce-Jones embellished this false impression further by characterizing the Hirst interview as involving a "pair discussing how murder will introduce democracy." He compounded the falsehood yet again in writing that "by the evening of Sadat's assassination Shazli was claiming responsiblity for it." The "statement issued in Libya," which he cited as authority for this, did not take credit for the E.N.F. in the matter of the assassination. The statement was a radio broadcast, the transcript of it is a matter of public record, and you have a copy of it. The only thing in the statement that could even remotely support Pryce-Jones's position is the sentence, "The act committed today by men in our armed forces is an inevitable result of confronting the betrayal regime." Given that members of the Egyptian armed forces killed Sadat, that I am an Egyptian, and that the statement was addressed "To the great people of Egypt," how can you fairly read my statement as claiming that I or the E.N.F. should be credited with the assassination? For the record: neither I nor the E.N.F. planned or participated in the killing of Sadat, nor did or do I or the E.N.F. take credit for it.

3) Pryce-Jones would make me out to be a Nazi sympathizer or collaborator. He writes that because Jews are my enemies (not true: Israelis are my enemies) "Nazis must be [my] friends," and proceeds with a story about some Nazi brawlers, one of whom is supposed to have written a letter to me in my capacity as an attaché in the Egyptian Embassy in London, in the course of which story Pryce-Jones claims that "meetings between Shazli and some of these Nazis had occurred, and more were planned, and evidently Egyptian funds were available." Although apparently a letter he may have intended to send me was found among the effects of the Nazi Jordan, the rest of Pryce-Jones's story is false. There were no meetings, held or planned. There were no funds for Jordan's cause. There was no "correspondence." I never received or saw a letter from Jordan. Pryce-Jones writes that I was declared persona non grata and obliged to leave England, and he implies that this resulted from my association with Nazis. False. I was never declared persona non grata, and did not leave England under any cloud. Nor was I later "quietly" accredited as ambassador to England. Pryce-Jones can only willfully have twisted the record here. There was a great deal of publicity, and some Parliamentary question, over my ambassadorship to the Court of St. James, in the course of which the Jordan affair was thoroughly reviewed. The result was that I was exonerated of any implication that I had associated with Jordan. The opposition to my accreditation turned out to be a Zionist clique exploiting unfounded rumors spread by Israeli sources. For the record: I am one of millions of Arabs who are steadfastly opposed to Israel's expansionist intrigues, but I am not and never have been a Nazi or Nazi sympathizer.

4) It is not true that "agents from Libya and Syria . . . mastermind, and pay for, the whole show" of the E.N.F. Many patriotic Egyptians (including some publishers!), exiled because of the Sadat-Mubarak regime's intolerant attitude toward dissent, support the E.N.F. Neither they, nor I, nor the E.N.F. itself, can fairly be said to be "masterminded" or financially supported by non-Egyptian interests. Nor is it true that I "enjoy" a Libyan passport. One was arranged for me when, while I was ambassador in London, security forces became alerted to a possible attempt on my life and took precautions that included the passport, which I have never used.

5) The statement that I was "sacked" in the climax of the 1973 war is utterly false, as is the allegation that the supposed sacking resulted from an emotional collapse. The story was put out by Sadat, long after the facts, to cover up his disastrous intermeddling in the direction of the war. The affair is dealt with in detail in my book, *The Crossing of the Suez*. Despite any verisimilitude gained by Sadat's frequent repetition of this lie, the undeniable fact shown in the public record is that I remained in office as Chief of Staff until December 23, 1973, two months after the crisis in which I was supposedly "sacked," and when I did step down it was to become Ambassador to Great Britain at Sadat's appointment. It was only after I was in London where I could not immediately give it the lie publicly in Egypt, that the "sacking" story was cooked up.

6) Finally, laying aside Pryce-Jones's venomous phrases like "aspiring tyrant" and "blood-crazed fantasies," let me say that although my background is not of the "clerk class" "layer of peasantry," my egalitarian ideals would make me unashamed to say so if it were. As it happens, I am not half-educated as Pryce-Jones implies, but have two masters' degrees, speak five languages, and am familiar enough with "Western notions" to be fond of democracy, which Egypt still does not yet enjoy, and opposed to Western imperialism, under which Egypt suffered for more than a century and of which, in my view and that of many Arabs in and out of Egypt, the State of Israel is the pawn and beneficiary.

LT. GEN. SAAD EL-SHAZLY
Secretary General
National Egyptian Front
Algiers, Algeria

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letter may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC SHOP-BY-MAIL DIRECTORY

The Shop-by-Mail Directory is a new feature in The New Republic. The directory will appear in the last issue of each month. If you are interested in advertising rates and information, call Theresa Miller at (202) 331-7494 or write The New Republic Shop-by-Mail Directory, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Day or Nightgowns...

Rosebud ruffled poly/cotton nightdress and coordinate cotton flannel robe. Versatile design ties in front like a robe, or in back like a hospital gown. Beautiful get well gifts. S-M-L-XL. Pink or blue rosebud gown $20, flannel $22.50. Plus $1.50 shipping.

Check, Visa or Master Charge

Claypool Classics

586 N. Bank Lane, Lake Forest, IL 60045

Bullish on Braces?

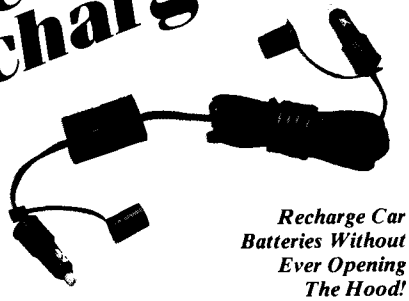
That's right—big comeback 'to braces/suspenders! For dress/business; also today's casual living. Wear with slacks/sports jacket. Be bold/show them off! A Bernardo exclusive: initials or name engraved on brass hardware. Own wardrobe/gifts! Write for gratis presentation of Bernardo's extensive collection of smashing British braces/exciting American suspenders.

BERNARDO

2400 Westheimer, # 106W (NR), Houston, TX 77098

french heart clips on our denim overalls ($20) and on our denim jumpers ($21/$23) also with hearts: red finnish waxcloth bibs ($7) & baby stretch suits ($13.50) catalogue of adorable kids' clothes in natural imprted fabrics $1 [refundable with first order] COTTONTAILS 505/662-4558 Dept NR1 1325 43rd Street Los Alamos, New Mexico 87544 Master Card and VISA accepted

easy charge



Recharge Car Batteries Without Ever Opening The Hood!

Sound impossible? It's not, thanks to the Easy Charge. With traditional jumper cables you have to maneuver a second car fender-to-fender with the disabled car, open both hoods, and attach leads from battery to battery. The Easy Charge simplifies this process brilliantly by substituting connection from cigarette lighter to cigarette lighter. Just plug one end into the lighter of a running car, pass the 16' cord through both car windows and insert the other end in the lighter of the disabled car. After a few minutes' wait the battery is recharged sufficiently to restart the car. We can send you an Easy Charge for just **$22.95.**

800 228-5505

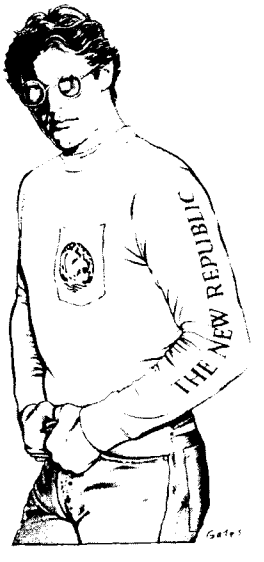
On Credit Card Orders Call Toll-Free 24 Hours A Day

Tools for Living, Dept. NRA23
400 S. Dean St., Englewood, NJ 07631

Please send me _____ Easy Charge(s) #A629 @ **$22.95** each. Enclosed is my check or money order in the amount of $_____ payable to *Tools for Living.*

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Am. Express
Account # _____
Exp. Date _____ Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FAMOUS *IOWA REVIEW*
Rejection Slip T-Shirt
or a year's subscription, *12.00, or both for 20.00: The Iowa Review, 308 EPB*
Iowa City, IA 52242



The New Republic T-Shirt
Silver-grey 100% cotton long-sleeved T-shirt comes with The New Republic logo detailed in dark blue and white on the left sleeve and our 1914 ship emblem on the breast pocket. Adult sizes small, medium, large, extra-large. Send check or money order for $12.75 per shirt to Dept. T, The New Republic, 1220 19th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Hideaways Guide

The Picturebook of Secret Escapes

World Wide listings of private vacation homes for rent, exchange & sale. Also yacht charters & country inns.

with photos, property description, rental & owner contact information.

By subscription. Free brochure.

write POB 1459 NRConcord, MA 01742
for FAST ACTION call 617-369-0252

UNIQUE TURNER OFFER

Saltash, Cornwall: (21 × 17 in.)
(Signed J.M.W. Turner 1825)

Superb quality colour print of one of the most beautiful of all Turner's watercolours. An essay in blues and golds with splashes of red. Art critic John Ruskin wrote in 1835 "The play of light on the sea surface . . . infinite purity of colour . . . quite incomparable."

Just one thousand copies of this painting were printed in England to commemorate Britain's Maritime History Year. We have every one of them. There will be no more available once these few are gone.

Print $16 (Framed $59.90)
Calif. residents add 6½% tax. Tel. (213) 452-2443

OXFORD GALLERIES
2210 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 627
Santa Monica, CA 90403

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ VISA ☐ M.C. # _____ Exp. _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS

Rates for Text Classifieds per insertion	Rates for Display Classifieds per insertion
1 time, $1.25 per word	1 time, $38 per column inch
6 times, $1.10 per word	6 times, $34 per column inch
12 times, $1 per word	12 times, $30 per column inch
24 times, 90 cents per word	24 times, $27 per column inch
36 times, 75 cents per word	36 times, $23 per column inch
48 times, 65 cents per word	48 times, $19 per column inch

There is an additional charge of $4.50 per insertion for a TNR Box number. Telephone numbers count as two words, abbreviations count as one word, zip codes are free.

We accept *only* camera-ready copy for display classifieds. (Complete display advertising rate card will be sent on request.) Send your advertising copy along with check or money order, or Mastercard or Visa number and expiration date. Or call collect to place your order. Telephone orders must be charged to credit cards. We do not bill. Copy must be received 28 days before Monday issue date. All ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Write or call collect: Theresa Miller, Classified Advertising Department, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC 20036; 202/331-7494.

Art Patrons

Davis and Schorr Art Books. Out of Print and Scarce and exhibition catalogs. Lists issued. We buy and sell. 1547 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024. (213) 477-6636.

WATERCOLORS BY CALIFORNIA ARTISTS; also watercolor prints, books, cards. Color catalogue $8 (refundable with minimum purchase). Watercolor Gallery, 1939 Addison, Berkeley, CA 94704.

Associations

Take action against media errors in grammar, spelling, punctuation, and pronunciation. Join SAGE, 65 Woodland Road, Pittsford, NY 14534.

AMERICAN-ISRAELI CIVIL LIBERTIES COALITION and its Israeli affiliate, Kol Koreh, invite inquiries about membership from persons interested in the extension of civil liberties and Democratic Action in the State of Israel. A-ICLC, 124 West 79th Street, New York, NY 10024.

LIBERTARIANS! Join New Republicans in opposing Reagan. Write: 370 Channing #31, San Rafael, CA 94903.

Books

Modern Poetry specialist: lists. Book Search. Abalone Books, 162 Arbor Drive, Southport, CT 06490.

Specialists in Nez Perce Books, Western Americana. Free Newsletter. BOOKLOFT, 102 E. Main, Enterprise, OR 97828.

NEW EASY WAY TO SAVE MONEY on current bestsellers. Great selection. Groupbuying power. Compare our prices. Free important details. Bookbuyers Co-op-N1, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

EROTICA & CURIOSA

Fine and rare material bought and sold. Catalog, $2. C. SCHEINER, 275 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, NY 11226.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

"E.T. GO HOME!" (soon to be a major bumpersticker), $1; 6/$5. Wry Idea, San Diego, CA 92122-0408.

Tired of all the hearts on the road?
Willing to call a spade a spade?

SPADE BUMPER STICKERS

I ♠ MY GARDEN I ♠ MY CAT I ♠ MY DOG

$1 each. $2 for 3. 50¢ postage for any number.

Mycolog House, 41 Concord Road, Sudbury, MA 01776
Dept. NR

©1981 MYCOLOG HOUSE

BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS/CUSTOM PRINTED (union shop). "The Source" since 1961! Largest variety social awareness and anti-nuclear items in stock for immediate shipment. FREE WHOLESALE CATALOG. Larry Fox, Box M-4, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (516) 791-7929.

No, it's not too early!

The 1984 Presidential race is wide open — Help the best candidate move to the front of the pack!

New from The Original Empathy Card Co:

America's gotta have HART in '84 — *Style A*

I ♥ HART in '84 — *Style B*

America's "HART Land" in '84 — *Style C*

All have red HART (or heart) and blue letters on white

Please specify: bumpersticker or 2¼" button & styles and quantity desired

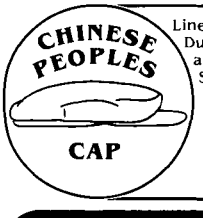
$1 each for any quantity and combination, postpaid

Send name, address, and cash or check payable to TOECC

TOECC, Box 11315, Chicago IL 60611

Join the grass-roots movement — Get the hottest new buttons around!

Clothing



Lined all cotton cap from China. Durable, practicable, comfortable. Navy, tan or white. Sizes: S-M-L-XL.

Send $5.00 or 2 for $9.00 to:

Newport Cap Co.
P.O. Box 1226-NR
Newport, Oregon 97365

GO LIGHTLY . . .

in pure cotton drawstring pants, tops, jackets and etceteras. Free catalogue and swatches.

a cottage industry
Deva Box NRC Burkittsville, MD 21718

Colleges/Universities

Degrees without classes from accredited universities. Bachelors, Masters, Doctorates. Dr. John Bear, P.O. Box 11415-N10, Marina Del Rey, CA 90291.

Gifts

CHOCOLATE LOVE

Four Milk Chocolate letters spell your feelings. In a red plush box. Weight 1 lb. $13.00 incl. shipping

The Chocolate Works
P.O. Box 3183
Santa Rosa, CA 95402

Satisfaction guaranteed

Health/Beauty

SNORING CAN BE CURED. Write for booklet on causes, effects, and cures. $3.00. Cooper, 8601 SE 63 Mercer Island, Washington 98040.

Instruction

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Literature

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE
By Derek Humphry (author of Jean's Way)

This unique guide to self-deliverance for the dying person available to Hemlock members. For details send SASE to
Hemlock: P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles
CA 90066 or phone (213) 391-1871

Literary Services

SCHOLARLY, LITERARY, TECHNICAL, O.P. TITLES are our specialty. Free services. J. HOOD BOOKSELLER, 1401 Massachusetts, Lawrence, KS 66044.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300 Dept. R, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10113-0300.

SAVE IRREPLACEABLE TIME and money marketing your manuscript or publication. Limited select clientele. Not a vanity publisher. Write: The Professional Edge, Drawer 668, San Rafael, CA 94915.

Personal

GWM, Harvard grad., athletic, literate, youthful 39, seeks friend Southern Calif. Send letter/photo. P.O. Box 2000-36, Corona Del Mar, CA 92625.

Dating Service for professionals in humanities/human services—inexpensive, humanitarian—MAKING IT PERSONAL, Box 284, Easton, MA 02334.

WHY LIVE OR TRAVEL ALONE? We help single, divorced, widowed people, even couples, find new friends, travel inexpensively. FREE information: TRAVEL COMPANION EXCHANGE, Box 833-RP, Amityville, NY 11701.

Wanted: Athletic female companion to share winter scuba diving vacation. One week: February – March. Mexico. Send letter and photo. TNR 1080.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE—Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write: CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081 Established 1970 [or call (215) 566-2132].

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. CONTACT℠ (212) 794-0050. Nationwide.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245.

JEWISH SINGLES—meet friendly, intelligent, high-quality professional Jewish men & women. Monday-Thursday, 1 pm - 8 pm (212) 734-5566.

SCANDINAVIAN LADIES, 18-65, sincere, seek correspondence/friendship. Details: Scannaclub/9C, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

Publications

Pick any two major policy problems and receive the equivalent of two comprehensive paperbound books for only $5 from the Policy Studies Organization, 361 Lincoln Hall, University of Illinois, Urbana, IL 61801.

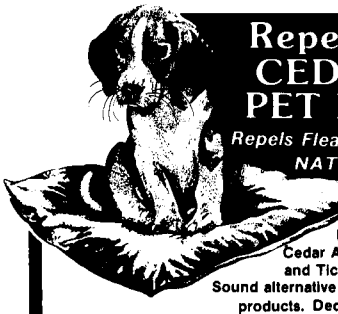
THE INTER DEPENDENT: An illustrated bimonthly featuring no-nonsense coverage of US—Third World relations and global issues. For free sample copy write: The Inter Dependent, 300 East 42nd St., New York, NY 10017.

JERZY KOSINSKI: LITERARY ALARMCLOCK by Dr. Byron L. Sherwin, the first comprehensive study of Kosinski's life and work, $5.95. Cabala Press, 2421 W. Pratt, Chicago, IL 60645.

Shmutz-iK
A NEW BOOK - A GREAT GIFT
YIDDISH JOKES
50 Yiddish jokes and meyses, blue and bawdy, written in English (with Yiddish punchlines and translations also provided). These stories are gems with special "tam". Send $15 for MOSTLY VULGAR YIDDISH HUMOR to
YIDDISH ARCHIVIST PRESS
P.O. BOX 3254 - Stony Creek, CT 06405

ESSAY
A Fortnightly Provocation

If you enjoy reading and would like an assured source of short, thoughtful, witty, literate writing, then ESSAY is for you. Here you will find the brilliant perspectives of such authors as Addison, Defoe, Goldsmith, Hazlitt, Lamb, Emerson, Stevenson, Twain, et al. (plus the best modern authors). One year of ESSAY (25 issues) is only $10 (checks payable to Monbeck's Editorial Enterprises). To subscribe or to receive more information, write to: ESSAY, 363 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11217.



Repellow CEDAR PET BED
Repels Fleas & Ticks NATURALLY

Pets & People Love Cedar Aroma. Fleas and Ticks HATE IT! Sound alternative to chemical products. Deodorizes too!

'Soft cedar shavings fill a UNIQUE foam inner-cushion. Durable and appealing fabric cover unsnaps for easy machine washing. NO SCRATCHY BURLAP.

- Small 18"x23" - $14.95
- Medium 24"x32" - $17.95
- Large 30"x42" - $21.95

(Price includes tax and shipping)

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Mail Orders: **Repellow Products Dept. KC 131**
1417 Fones Road
Olympia, WA 98501

Instant Charge Orders - Call Free **Anytime**
1-800-824-7888
in CA 1-800-852-7777
Ask for Operator 748

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Services

BE HEARD.
INEXPENSIVE ACCESS TO CONGRESS
We will deliver communication to all Members of Congress on your letterhead or our typesetter. Includes: Composition, Duplication, folding, stuffing, and individual delivery by messenger.
House - $85 | All Members - $108 | Senate - $50
(chk - M.O., DC residents add 5%)
CONGRESSIONAL COMMUNICATION
1636 CONNECTICUT AVE. NW, WASHINGTON, DC 20009
Info and Rush Orders: (202) 328-6973

Typewriters

TYPEWRITERS
SAVE UP TO 60%
FACTORY DIRECT BRAND NAMES
We sell only well-known brands—SMITH-CORONA, OLIVETTI, OLYMPIA, BROTHER, ROYAL, etc. Full warranty, packed in sealed cartons. Most orders shipped in 48 hours to your home
FOR FASTER SERVICE CALL **(609) 452-7500** FREE CATALOG
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER CO.
745 Alexander Rd. Princeton, NJ 08540 (dept GG)

Vacation/Travel

ST. THOMAS—WATER ISLAND private, secluded, shangrila packages. Studio Apartments, 2-7 day charter yachting, private villa—combinations. Limestone Reef Terraces, RD 4, Princeton, NJ 08540. (201) 329-6309.

Etc.

Nonconformist Bandannas are great gifts, $3-$4 each. Humor, politics, art, family, angels, more. Catalog: National Rutabaga Co., 20400-K Fifth West, Sonoma, CA 95476.

Don't be ripped off! Read "How To Buy A Used Car" Only $2.00 (U.S. funds). Write: Regency House, 2308 Regent, Montreal, P.Q., H4A-2R1.

POSTERS! Einstein and FDR Centennial posters—limited quantities left; also Halsman's LIFE cover of *Marilyn Monroe. $10.00 each.* Rinhart Galleries, Box 73, Colebrook, CT 06021.

Broaden

. . . your exposure with the NEW REPUBLIC classifieds. Place your ad in TNR classifieds, and you advertise in front of over 250,000 receptive readers—every week! Now that's exposure. And what's even better? Rates begin at just $1.25 per word and can go as low as 65¢ per word for multiple insertions. Ads with camera-ready copy begin at just $38.00 per column inch and can go as low as $19.00 per column inch.

So reach your market with TNR classifieds. Simply fill out the following form. (See preceding page for complete rate information, or call collect (202) 331-7494 for free estimates.)

Buy two, get one free!

If this is the first time you've advertised in our classified section, you're eligible for our **"3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER.** Pay for two insertions, and we'll give you the third one **FREE.**

How can you refuse?

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa #, along with your ad copy to: THE NEW REPUBLIC, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Phone orders accepted with MasterCard/Visa only. Call Theresa Miller—collect—at (202) 331-7494.

☐ **YES** I want to broaden my advertising exposure with far-reaching, economical NEW REPUBLIC classifieds. Enclosed is prepayment, along with my ad copy. Please run my ad _____ times.

_____
(Advertiser)

_____
(Product or Service)

_____
(Address)

_____
(City, State, Country, Zip/Postal Code)

☐ **YES** I qualify for your **"3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York Diarist

Serenades

FOR YEARS my most common emotion about modernism was envy. Sometimes I envied those who made the art, always I envied those who were there to see it made. The works that seemed like milestones in my life kept turning up as other people's memories. I was too late for too much. Too late for Paris, for Berlin, for Vienna. Too late for the Village, and for Harlem, and for 52nd Street. All this was new and yet was history. Three years ago, however, the dignity of my own time was restored to me. A friend took me to the New York City Ballet, and I envied nobody. I am now certain that those who come after me will envy me this—that I was witness to what transpired on that stage. I was present for Balanchine. I almost missed it; he is gravely ill. But I didn't. I will transmit something like what was transmitted to me, which is a report of a revelation. My eye is untutored. I know little about the tradition of the ballet. Most of the company's riches I cannot recognize. Still, at the City Ballet I have had a glimpse of grace.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT Suzanne Farrell was to dance *Serenade*. The word reached me almost as soon as I came to the city. To understand what this means, you must have seen Suzanne Farrell and you must have seen *Serenade*. Farrell is surely the most spiritually serious dancer in the world. Her technique is famous, but physically there are others. Metaphysically there are none. Something numinous clings to her. The movements of her body are plainly the actions of her soul. I have seen no more profound representation of the inner life of a woman than Farrell's waltz alone to *Rosenkavalier* in *Vienna Waltzes*, no more sublime representation of reverence than her "prayer" in *Mozartiana*. And now she was to dance *Serenade*. For a long time the critical wisdom about *Serenade* was that it is mainly about patterns. Edwin Denby called it "a kind of graduation exercise"; and the ballet's last movement, whose subject is destiny and love and redemption, he dismissed as "a tragic little apotheosis." This was written at a time when Balanchine's style was new, when the first task of the critic was to understand the form. And false modesty is frequently a critical attitude of balletomanes—they like to pretend (but Denby does not) that the art is merely boys and girls in motion, that people who identify feelings in it are people who cannot identify phrases. About such people, of whom I am one, they are often right. Still, the sentimentalist in the audience is not always wrong. If *Serenade* recalls the classroom, this is no ordinary classroom. What is taught, from the moment the motionless girls in the long tulle skirts suddenly move into first position, is the worship of women, and the history of a human heart.

THE INTERMISSION, when some of New York's strictest social accounting takes place, ended. The lights went down, the strings sounded their stately introduction, and the curtain rose on the maidens in the blue light. In her first solo Kyra Nichols established her eminence. She used to remind me of Jacques Rivière's remark about "the ecstasy of perfect health"; she was sunny and clean and innocent of experience. Now there is an edge to her dancing, an implication of power, a grasp of essences. The girl is a woman. This was clear in the Elegy, when she soared into Kipling Houston's arms, reversing her position in midair, committing herself to him just as the music most pleads her to. And then Farrell's story resumes. She has fallen, she has been raised, she has been given a duration of dance with the man, she falls again. Maria Calegari, who led the man in, leads the man out. Two members of the chorus rush out to attend the unhappy figure on the floor, then two more. They lead her downstage to prepare her for a transfiguration. Nichols emerges and Farrell throws her arms around her. Nichols steps back. Three men surround Farrell. It is a little sinister and a little sacred. They lift her high, holding her straight up by her legs, and carry her solemnly upstage, followed by the others. She raises her arms and bends slowly backward; having suffered, she will be received. The curtain comes down.

THERE ARE NOT many in my business to whom I could rush with the news of Farrell's role. But there is Irving Howe. He is a political man who knows such pleasures. In his recent memoir he imagines Tolstoy chastising him for the joy he finds at the State Theater. "What is the ethical import of all this elegant prancing?" But with Balanchine before his eyes Howe stands fast. "There are kinds of beauty," he replies "before which the moral imagination ought to withdraw." I would have told him too, that there is an ethical dimension to the discipline of the ballet. Lincoln Kirstein is correct to observe that "ballet is about how to behave." Still, it is not about how parties and nations behave. It is, luckily for it, far away from the political wars. Just how far, in fact, may be measured by the reception of Howe's book, *A Margin of Hope*, which has exposed the crudity of the political and intellectual climate. Howe has been trashed by the right and trashed by the left, as befits an honest man. It began in *Commentary*, with an essay by the hatchet-happy Midge Decter. She corrected his view of his parents. She accused him of being soft on Hitler. She reminded him of his "intellectual manners." And she numbered him in the company of those "who wish to enjoy their freedom and yet for whom the freedom most to be cherished is the freedom to remain hostile critics of so many of the things that freedom itself depends on." Not in this clotted sentence, nor anywhere else in her piece, is it revealed that the book is about a man's refusal to subordinate the democratic idea to anything. And then came Vivian Gornick in *The Nation* and made the mirror-image attack. "The depth of Howe's anti-Stalinism," she writes sourly, "is an amazement. It is never absent; it pervades the book. . . ." Tell me, Gornick. What amazes you about an anti-Stalinism that is deep? How much absent should it be? How much should it pervade? Then, of Howe's opposition to the authoritarianism of the New Left, you write that "he and the Stalinists sound exactly alike." Exactly? Having devoted decades of his life to the struggle against the Stalinists, Howe is told that he is one. No wonder he goes to the ballet.

AS I RUSHED to the box office to collect my tickets, I crashed into a man outside O'Neal's. I apologized, and accepting my apology was H. R. Haldeman. He looked at me with a scowl that explained almost a decade of American history. There I was, at 64th and Columbus, crossing from the worst of Washington to the best of New York. There was never a more pleased pedestrian in the city.

L. W.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Qantas perfects Business Class.

Quick check-in at the First Class counter. Priority baggage handling.

Whenever possible, a drink on us at the Captain's Club before boarding.

A special section aboard your Qantas 747. Wide chairs in pairs so you're never more than one seat from an aisle.

Free bar service and in-flight entertainment.

A special menu with a choice of entrées and fine wines, followed by a selection of liqueurs.

Enjoy these and other first-class touches on Qantas Business Class. Twelve flights a week to Australia. Three flights a week to Tahiti.

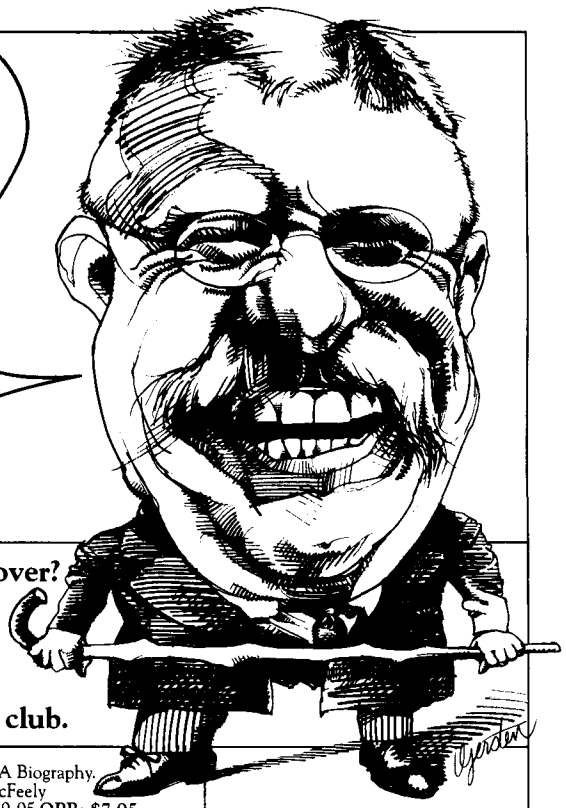
Ask your Travel Agent about Qantas Business Class. Only $100 or so more than the Economy Class Fare to Australia.

And that's perfect.

QANTAS The Australian Airline.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READ WIDELY, BUT CARRY A SOFT BOOK.



You don't judge a book by its cover, so why pay for the cover?
QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they cost up to 65% less than their hardcover counterparts. And you're under no obligation to buy another book.
All of which are bully reasons to elect QPB as your book club.

533. The Great Bridge
David McCullough. **QPB: $7.95**

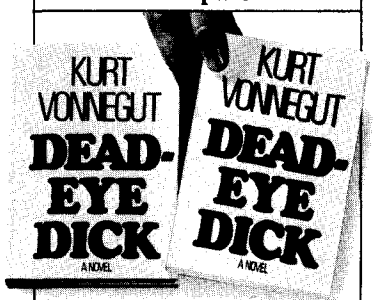
503. Jane Brody's Nutrition Book
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB: $7.95**

507. Megatrends. John Naisbitt
Hardcover: $15.50 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

519. Modern Art: 19th and 20th Centuries. Meyer Schapiro
Hardcover: $20 **QPB: $9.95**

574. The Foundation Trilogy
(1 Vol.) Isaac Asimov
QPB: $6.95

Compare



Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Softcover: $6.95**

579. Deadeye Dick. Kurt Vonnegut
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

589. Thinking Better
David Lewis and James Greene
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

592. The New York Times Everyday Dictionary
Edited by Thomas M. Paikeday
Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $6.50**

663. Native Tongues. Charles Berlitz
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.50**

424. The Electronic Cottage
Everyday Living with Your Personal Computers in the 1980s. Joseph Deken
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.50**

433. At Dawn We Slept
The Untold Story of Pearl Harbor. Gordon W. Prange
Hardcover: $22.95 **QPB: $7.95**

444. Dictionary of Philosophy and Religion: Eastern and Western Thought. William L. Reese
Hardcover: $27.95 **QPB: $10.95**

450. The Life of Mahatma Gandhi
Louis Fischer. **QPB: $7.95**

612. Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats. T. S. Eliot
Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB: $4.95**

585. Take It Off! 2,363 Tax Deductions Most People Overlook (Completely Revised and Enlarged 1983 Edition). Robert S. Holzman, Ph.D. Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB: $7.50**

478. Every Night at Five: Susan Stamberg's 'All Things Considered' Book. With a Foreword by Charles Kuralt. **QPB: $7.95**

483. Nova: Adventures in Science
WGBH Boston
Hardcover: $27.95 **QPB: $11.95**

486. Information Please Almanac
Atlas and Yearbook 1983.
Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $4.95**

499. The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes and **The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes** (2 Vols.)
A. Conan Doyle. **QPB: $9.95**

688. The National Air and Space Museum, Vol. I: Air. Text by C. D. B. Bryan. **QPB: $11.50**

689. The National Air and Space Museum, Vol. II: Space. Text by C. D. B. Bryan. **QPB: $11.50**

691. The Purple Decades: A Reader.
Tom Wolfe
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $8.50**

704. Sassafrass, Cypress & Indigo
A Novel. Ntozake Shange
Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

382. Grant: A Biography.
William S. McFeely
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $7.95**

173. The Successful Office
Franklin Becker
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $7.95**

222. The Mismeasure of Man and **The Panda's Thumb** (2 Vols., Boxed)
Stephen Jay Gould
Hardcover: $27.90 **QPB Ed: $11.95**

224. The Random House Dictionary of New Information Technology
Edited by A. J. Meadows, M. Gordon and A. Singleton. **QPB: $6.95**

267. The Timetables of History
Bernard Grun
Hardcover: $29.95 **QPB: $11.95**

283. The Structures of Everyday Life. Fernand Braudel
Hardcover: $30 **QPB Ed: $12.95**

343. Freelance Forever. Marietta Whittlesey. **QPB: $6.95**

362. Rabbit Is Rich/Rabbit Redux/ Rabbit, Run (1 Vol.) John Updike
QPB Ed: $11.95

404. Listening to America
Stuart Berg Flexner
Hardcover: $24.95 **QPB Ed: $11.95**

414. The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy. Thomas C. Reeves
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

616. Items from Our Catalog®
Alfred Gingold. Photographs by Dan Nelken. **QPB: $3.95**

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Middletown, Pa. 17057. Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for six months. If I have not bought and paid for at least one book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want. ☐ ☐ ☐

Name _____ 3-16
(Please print clearly) QB127-1

Address _____ **Apt.** _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

QPB is a Division of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
Prices generally higher in Canada.

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each–with no obligation to buy another book.

How membership works.
1. You receive the QPB Review 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new **Selection,** plus scores of Alternates.
2. If you want the **Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the **Selection** without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

QPB®

The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED